NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

Without Concealment-----Without Compromise.

VOLUME VI.---NO. 9. NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 31, 1845. WHOLE NUMBER 269.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY,

BY THE

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

At 142, Nassau Street, New-York.

Sydney Howard Gay,
Maria Weston Chapman,
Edmund Quincy, } Editors.

☞ All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns, should be addressed to SYDNEY HOWARD GAY.

Donations to the Treasury of the American Anti-Slavery Society may be forwarded to FRANCIS JACKSON, Treasurer, at Boston; or to S. H. GAY, Assistant Treasurer, at New-York.

TERMS.—$2 00 a year, in advance; $2 50 if no paid within six months.

☞ $10 00, in advance, will pay for SIX copies, for one year, sent to one address.

☞ TWENTY copies, or more, will be sent to one address, at $1 50 each.

H. M. HENRY, PRINTER.

Pro-Slavery.

From the South Carolinian.

GOVERNOR HAMMOND'S LETTER ON SOUTHERN SLAVERY.

(Continued.)

In *Calico printing*. "It is by no means uncommon in all the districts, for children five or six years old to be kept fourteen or sixteen hours consecutively." *Rep. on Children*, 1842, *p.* 59.

I could furnish extracts similar to these in regard to every branch of your manufactures, but I will not multiply them. Everybody knows that your operatives habitually labor from twelve to sixteen hours, men, women and children, and the men occasionally twenty hours per day. In lacemaking, says the last quoted report, children sometimes commence work at two years of age.

Destitution.—It is stated by your Commissioners that 40,000 persons in Liverpool, and 15,000 in Manchester, live in cellars; while 22,000 in England pass the night in barns, tents, or the open air. "There have been found such occurrences as seven, eight, and ten persons in one cottage, I cannot say for one day, but for whole days, without a morsel of food. They have remained on their beds of straw for two successive days, under the impression that in a recumbent posture the pangs of hunger were less felt." *Lord Brougham's speech, July 11th*, 1842. A volume of frightful scenes might be quoted to corroborate the inferences to be necessarily drawn from the facts here stated. I will not add more, but pass on to the important inquiry as to

Morals and Education.—Elizabeth Barrett, aged 14: I always work without stockings, shoes, or trowsers. I wear nothing but a shift. I have to go up to the headings with the men. *They are all naked there.* I am got used to that." *Report on Mines.* "As to illicit sexual intercourse it seems to prevail universally, and from an early period of life." "The evidence might have been doubted which attest the early commencement of sexual and promiscuous intercourse among boys and girls." "A lower condition of morals, in the fullest sense of the term, could not I think be found. I do not mean by this that there are many more prominent vices among them, but that moral feelings and sentiments do not exist. *They have no morals.*" "Their appearance, manners, and moral natures—so far as the word *moral* can be applied to them—are in accordance with their half-civilized condition."—*Rep. on Children.* "More than half a dozen instances occurred in Manchester, where a man, his wife, and his wife's grown up sister, habitually occupied the same bed."—*Rep. on Sanitary Condition. Robert Churchillow, aged* 16: "I don't know anything of Moses—never heard of France. I don't know what America is. Never heard of Scotland or Ireland. Can't tell how many weeks there are in a year. There are twelve pence in a shilling, and twenty shillings in a pound. There are eight pints in one gallon of ale."—*Rep. on Mines. Ann Eggly, aged* 18: "I walk about and get fresh air on Sundays. I never go to Church or Chapel. I never heard of Christ at all."—*Ibid. Others:* "The Lord sent Adam and Eve on earth to save sinners." "I don't know who made the world, I never heard about God." "I don't know Jesus Christ—I never saw him—but I have seen Foster, who prays about him." *Employer:* "You have expressed surprise at Thomas Mitchell's not hearing of God. I judge there are few Colliers here about that have."—*Ibid.* I will quote no more. It is shocking beyond endurance to turn over your *records* in which the condition of your laboring classes is but too faithfully depicted. Could our slaves but see it, they would join us in lynching Abolitionists, which, by the by, they would not now be loth to do. We never think of imposing on them such labor, either in amount or kind. We never put them to *any work* under ten, more generally at twelve years of age, and then the very slightest. Destitution is absolutely unknown—never did a slave starve in America; while in moral sentiments and feelings, in religious information, and even in general intelligence, they are infinitely the superiors of your operatives. When you look around you, how dare you talk to us before the world of Slavery? For the condition of your wretched laborers, you, and every Briton who is not one of them, are responsible before God and man. If you are really humane, philanthropic, and charitable, here are objects for you. Relieve them. Emancipate them. Raise them from the condition of brutes, to the level of human beings—of American slaves, at least. Do not for an instant suppose that the *name* of being freemen is the slightest comfort to them, situated as they are, or that the bombastic boast, that "whoever touches British soil stands redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled," can meet with anything but the ridicule and contempt of mankind, while that soil swarms, both on and under its surface, with the most abject and degraded wretches that ever bowed beneath the oppressor's yoke.

I have said that Slavery is an established and inevitable condition to human society. I do not speak of the *name*, but the *fact*. The Marquis of Normandy has lately declared your operatives to be "*in effect slaves.*" Can it be denied? Probably, for such philanthropists as your Abolitionists care nothing for facts. They deal in terms and fictions. It is the *word* "slavery" which shocks their tender sensibilities; and their imaginations associate it with "hydras and chimeras dire." The thing itself, in its most hideous reality, passes daily under their view unheeded—a familiar face, touching no chord of shame, sympathy, or indignation. Yet so brutalizing is your iron bondage that the English operative is a by-word through the world. When favoring fortune enables him to escape his prison-house, both in Europe and America he is shunned. With all the skill which fourteen hours of daily labor from the tenderest age has ground into him, his discontent, which habit has made second nature, and his depraved propensities, running riot when freed from his wonted fetters, prevent his employment whenever it is not a matter of necessity. If we derived no other benefit from African slavery in the Southern States than that it deterred your *freedmen* from coming hither, I should regard it as an inestimable blessing.

And how unaccountable is that philanthropy which closes its eyes upon such a state of things as you have at home, and turns its blurred vision to our affairs beyond the Atlantic, meddling with matters which no way concern them—presiding, as you have lately done, at meetings to denounce the "iniquity of our laws," and "the atrocities of our practices," and to sympathize with infamous wretches imprisoned here for violating decrees promulgated both by God and man. Is this doing the work of "your Father which is in Heaven," or is it seeking only "that you may have glory of man?" Do you remember the denunciation of our Saviour, "Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees; Hypocrites! for ye make clean the outside of the cup and platter, but within they are full of extortion and excess.

But after all, supposing that everything you say of slavery be true, and its abolition a matter of the last necessity, how do you expect to effect emancipation, and what do you calculate will be the result of its accomplishment? As to the means to be used, the Abolitionists, I believe, affect to differ, a large proportion of them pretending that their sole purpose is to apply "moral suasion" to the slaveholders themselves. As a matter of curiosity, I should like to know what their idea of "moral suasion" is. Their discourses—yours is no exception—are all tirades, the exordium, argument, and peroration, turning on the epithets, "tyrants," "thieves," "murderers," addressed to us. They revile us as "atrocious monsters," "violaters of the laws of nature, God, and man," our homes the abode of every iniquity, our land a "brothel." We retort, that they are "incendiaries" and "assassins." Delightful argument! Sweet, potent "moral suasion!" What slave has it freed—what proselyte can it ever make? But if your course was wholly different—if you distilled nectar from your lips, and discoursed sweetest music, could you reasonably indulge the hope of accomplishing your object by such means? Nay, supposing that we were all convinced, and thought of Slavery precisely as you do, at what era of "moral suasion" do you imagine you could prevail on us to give up a thousand million of dollars in the value of our slaves, and a thousand million of dollars more in the depreciation of our lands, in consequence of the want of laborers to cultivate them? Consider: were ever any people, civilized or savage, persuaded by any argument, human or divine to surrender voluntarily two thousand million of dollars? Would you think of asking five millions of Englishmen to contribute either at once or gradually, four hundred and fifty millions of pounds sterling to the cause of philanthropy, even if the purpose to be accomplished was not of doubtful goodness? If you are prepared to undertake such a scheme, try it at home. Collect your fund—purchase our slaves, and do with them as you like. Be all the glory yours, fairly and honestly won. But you see the absurdity of such an idea. Away, then, with your pretended "moral suasion." You know it is mere nonsense. The Abolitionists have no faith in it themselves. Those who expect to accomplish anything count on means altogether different. They aim first, to alarm us: that failing, to compel us by force to emancipate our slaves, at our own risk and cost. To these purposes they obviously direct all their energies. Our Northern liberty men have endeavored to disseminate their destructive doctrines among our slaves, and excite them to insurrection. But we have put an end to that, and stricken terror into them. They dare not show their faces here. Then they declared they would dissolve the Union. Let them do it. The North would repent it far more than the South. We are not alarmed at the idea. We are well content to give up the Union sooner than sacrifice two thousand million of dollars, and with them all the rights we prize. You may take it for granted that it is impossible to persuade or alarm us into emancipation, or to making the first step towards it. Nothing, then, is left to try, but sheer force. If the Abolitionists are prepared to expend their own treasure, and shed their own blood as freely as they ask us to do, let them come. We do not court the conflict; but we will not and we cannot shrink from it. If they are ready to go so far; if, as I expect, their philanthropy recoils from it: if they are looking only for *cheap* glory, let them turn their thoughts elsewhere, and leave us in peace. Be the sin, the danger, and the evils of Slavery all our own. We compel, we ask none to share them with us.

I am well aware that a notable scheme has been set on foot to achieve abolition by making what is by courtesy called "free" labor so much cheaper than slave labor, as to force the abandonment of the latter. Though we are beginning to *manufacture with slaves*, I do not think you will attempt to pinch your operatives closer in Great Britain. You cannot curtail the rags with which they vainly attempt to cover their nakedness, nor reduce the porridge which barely, and not always, keeps those who have employment from perishing with famine. When you can do this, we will consider whether our slaves may not dispense with a pound or two of bacon per week, or a few garments annually. Your aim, however, is to cheapen labor in the tropics. The idea of doing this by exporting your "bold yeomanry," is, I presume, given up. Cromwell tried it when he *sold* the captured followers of Charles, into *West Indian Slavery*, where they speedily found graves. Nor have your recent experiments on British and even Dutch constitutions succeeded better. Have you still faith in carrying thither your Coolies from Hindostan? Doubtless that once wild robber race, whose highest eulogium was that they did not murder merely for the love of blood, have been tamed down, and are, perhaps, "keen for immigration," for since your civilization has reached it, plunder has grown scarce in Guzerat. But that is the result of the experiment thus far? Have the Coolies, ceasing to handle arms, learned to handle spades, and proved hardy and profitable laborers? On the contrary, broken in spirit and stricken with disease at home, the wretched victims whom you have hitherto kidnapped for a bounty, confined in depots, put under hatches, and carried across the ocean, forced into "voluntary immigration," have done little but lie down and die on the *pseudo* soil of freedom. At the end of five years two-thirds, in some colonies a larger proportion, are no more! Humane and pious contrivance! To alleviate the fancied sufferings of the accursed posterity of Ham, you sacrifice by a cruel death two-thirds of the children of the blessed Shem—and demand the applause of Christians—the blessing of Heaven! If this "experiment" is to go on, in God's name try your hand upon the Thugs. That other species of "Immigration" to which you are resorting, I will consider presently.

But what do you calculate will be the result of emancipation, by whatever means accomplished? You will probably point me, by way of answer, to the West Indies—doubtless to Antigua, the great boast of abolition. Admitting that it has succeeded there—which I will do for the sake of argument—do you not know the reason of it? The true and only causes of whatever success has attended it in Antigua, are, that the population was before crowded, and all, or nearly all the arable land in cultivation. The emancipated negroes could not, many of them, get away if they desired; and knew not where to go, in case they did. They had practically no alternative but to remain on the spot; and remaining, they must work on the terms of the proprietors, or perish—the strong arm of the mother country forbidding all hope of seizing the land for themselves. The proprietors, well knowing that they could thus command labor for the merest necessities of life, which was much cheaper than maintaining the non-effective as well as the effective slaves in a style which decency and interest, if not humanity required, willingly accepted half their value, and at once realized more than the interest on the other half in the diminution of their losses, and the reduced comforts of the *freemen*. One of your most illustrious Judges, who was also a profound and philosophical historian, has said "that Villeinage was not abolished, but went into decay in England." This was the process. This has been the process whenever (the name of) Villeinage or Slavery has been successfully abandoned. Slavery in fact "went into decay" in Antigua. I have admitted that under similar circumstances it might profitably cease here—that is, profitably to the individual proprietors. Give me half the value of my slaves, and compel them to remain and labor on my plantation at ten to eleven cents a day, as they do in Antigua, supporting themselves and families, and you shall have them to-morrow, and if you like dub them "free." Not to stickle, I would surrender them without price. No—I recall my words: My humanity revolts at the idea. I am attached to my slaves, and would not have art or part in reducing them to such a condition. I deny, however, that Antigua, as a community, is or ever will be *as prosperous*, under present circumstances, as she was before abolition, though fully ripe for it. The fact is well known. The reason is that the African, if not a distinct, is an inferior race, and never will effect, as it never has effected, as much in any other condition as in that of Slavery.

I know of no *slaveholder* who has visited the West Indies since Slavery was abolished, and published *his* views of it. All our facts and opinions come through the friends of the experiment, or at least those not opposed to it. Taking these, even without allowance, to be true as stated, I do not see where the Abolitionists find cause for exultation. The tables of exports, which are the best evidences of the condition of a people, exhibit a woful falling off—excused, it is true, by unprecedented droughts and hurricanes, to which their free-labor seems unaccountably more subject than slave-labor used to be. I will not go into detail. It is well known that a large proportion of British legislation and expenditure, and that proportion still constantly increasing, is most anxiously devoted to repairing the monstrous error of emancipation. You are actually galvanizing your expiring colonies. The truth, deduced from all the facts, was thus pithily stated by the London Quarterly Review, as long ago as 1840: "None of the benefits anticipated by mistaken good intentions have been realized, while every evil wished for by knaves, and foreseen by the wise, has been painfully verified. The wild rashness of fanaticism has made the emancipation of the slaves equivalent to the loss of one-half of the West Indies, and yet put back the chance of negro civilization." (*Art. Ld. Dudley's Letters.*) Such are the *real fruits* of your never-to-be-too-much-glorified abolition, and the valuable dividend of your twenty millions of pounds sterling invested therein.

(To be continued.)

Selections.

From the New Orleans Tropic.

SALLY MILLER.

We have occasionally alluded to the singular case of Sally Miller, whose restoration to liberty, by a decision of our Supreme Court, has produced no little joy among the Germans of this State. A pamphlet has just been printed at this office, giving all the details of her romantic history. It appears from the register of births, obtained by a merchant of this city on a recent visit to Europe, that Sally Miller, or as she was registered, Salome Muller, was born in the village of Langensaulzback, province of Alsace, department of the Lower Rhine, on the 10th day of July, 1813, and of course will be thirty-two years of age the coming month. She is the daughter of Daniel and Dorothea Muller.

In the latter part of the year 1817, she sailed from Helder, in Holland, with her parents, one sister, and two brothers, for this city, where, after a severe passage of four months, she arrived in March, 1818. At that time, it was a custom here to sell the service of immigrants for a term long enough to pay their passage. It is supposed that the father was thus disposed of for the passages of himself and family. Soon after their arrival they disappeared—having been taken, as is presumed, from the city to the parish of Attakapas. The father was reported to have died of fever a few weeks subsequently. The fate of Sally and her sister was unknown. Years elapsed, and they were given up as dead.

About three years since, Madam Carl, a respectable German woman, went into a cabaret, kept by one Louis Belmonti, in the Third Municipality, and there recognized, in menial service, the identical Salome Muller, with whom she had crossed the Atlantic upward of twenty years ago. She questioned the girl, who replied that she did not know who were her parents, but that she was a slave belonging to Belmonti, to whom she was sold by John F. Miller. Shortly after Mrs. Carl took Sally to Lafayette, where her relatives reside, who instantly recognized her as the long lost daughter of Daniel and Dorothea Muller.—Her recognition by others who had emigrated with her was immediate. Certain cogenital marks on the girl's body, well known to some of the relatives, were also found. A demand was made on Belmonti for her restoration, but he refused. Several German merchants, and others resident here, interested themselves in her behalf, and a suit for freedom was forthwith instituted in the District Court, in which suit, though against Belmonti, John F. Miller, as warranter of title, became the real defendant.

The plaintiff, in her petition, averred that she was white and free. And her personal appearance certainly favored the averment. Her form, figure, features, and complexion reveal no traces of African descent. Though somewhat of a brunette, and her parents were both of a dark complexion, her long, straight black hair, hazel eyes, Roman nose, and thin lips, strongly proclaim her origin. And it appears that from her earliest days she has been exposed to the sun's rays in this hot climate, laboring in the cotton field, and enduring all the exposures of the African slave. No one, it seems to us, can have doubts that she is a white woman.

Miller insisted that she was colored, and set up his *title* from one Anthony Williams, of Mobile, as far back as 1822. An attempt was made to identify a *mulatress slave*, named *Bridget*, said to have been at that time twelve years of age, whom Miller alleged he had obtained of Williams, with Sally Miller, the plaintiff. The evidence, however, on this point, was by no means satisfactory. Miller exhibited a notarial act of sale from himself of *Bridget* to his mother, in 1823, and another from his mother back to himself in 1835, as also the act of sale to Belmonti in 1838. In the sale of 1822, the age of the girl *Bridget* was stated to be twenty-three, and in the sale of 1838, three years afterwards, to be twenty-two. Miller also denied that he had purchased the service of Muller as a *redemptioner* in 1818.

A great amount of evidence was produced on both sides, but we cannot allude to it. The pamphlet before us is pretty full on that head. The Judge of the District Court, however, gave judgment against the plaintiff. A motion was made for a new trial, and refused. An appeal was then taken to the Supreme Court, and during the investigation, additional and important testimony in favor of Sally Miller was obtained. After very able arguments of counsel, the Court, on the 21st instant, decided in favor of the plaintiff. The Court, in concluding their opinion, say—"After the most mature consideration of the case, we are of opinion that the plaintiff is free, and it is our duty to declare her to be so."

Such is a brief statement of this extraordinary case. The pamphlet, just published at the instance of one of the counsel engaged in behalf of Sally Miller, contains materials enough for a romance.

A HAPPY MEETING.

The friends of Sally Miller, in great numbers, were gathered together, on Tuesday evening last, at the house of Mr. Francis Shubert, in the city of Lafayette. About nine o'clock the party adjourned to a neighboring hall on the premises of one of the company, where, with music and dancing, a sumptuous feast and an abundance of rich wines, they enjoyed themselves until a late hour.

More than two hundred ladies were present—the rich, the beautiful, the accomplished representatives of the best portion of our German resident population. It was a joyful occasion. The first toast was the health of Wheelock S. Upton, Esq. the counsel of Sally Miller.

Mr. Upton then rose and said—

Ladies and Gentlemen,—I did not come here to make a speech—I am not prepared to do justice to the occasion, and if I were, I should feel too much diffidence to give proper utterance to my theme. It needs more courage to meet the bright eyes of those around me than to face the sternest judge. We have met upon a pleasing and a momentous occasion. We have met to congratulate a feeble woman upon the success of her long protracted struggle for her birthrights. The sense of her wrongs, the remembrance of her sufferings, the cruel and wicked deprivation of her liberty, are all for the moment laid aside in the feelings of gladness and rejoicing with which we congratulate her upon her release from bondage.

When we consider the difficulties which have embarrassed, and the obstacles which have retarded her suit; when we consider the zeal, the patience, and the labor which were necessary to remove the one and to surmount the other; when we consider her sex, her station, and her means, and contrast them with the wealth, and power, and influence of those who contended against her, it is indeed a matter of gratulation and joy that her success was so triumphant. Truth, however mighty it may be in its simplicity and its purity, has not always prevailed against the machinations of the wicked and the arts of the fraudulent. But thanks be to God! here it has conquered. The Supreme Court of Louisiana, the highest tribunal of the State, has issued its mandate, not in the cold and heartless language of the District Judge, who * * * * * * * bade me tell my clients to *buy their kinswoman*, but, with tears in their eyes, the Judges of this Court have boldly proclaimed the righteousness of her prayer, and commanded her shackles to fall! Mature wisdom, the learning and experience of ripe age, gave to her claims the calm deliberations they called for, and the decree goes forth in its holy power, while the shouts of the two cities echo its justice.

As a lawyer, and as one who has given to this case the study of a whole year, I do not hesitate to say that there is no shadow of doubt as to the truth and justice of that decree. So true as there is a Heaven above us, this woman is Salome Muller, the daughter of Daniel and Dorothea Muller. She was of that band of brotherhood who sailed from the Helder in 1818. I see her now, in my mind's eye, that stormtost Johanna,—"the Mayflower of a forlorn hope!"—that adventurous vessel, bound over a stormy sea, freighted with a people broken in all but spirit. I see her pursuing, with a thousand misgivings, the uncertain, the tedious voyage. Suns rise and set, and weeks and months pass, and winter surprises them on the deep, and brings them not the sight of the wished-for shore. I see them now, scantily supplied with provisions, crowded almost to suffocation in their ill-stored prison, delayed by calms, pursuing a circuitous route, and now driven in fury before the raging tempest on the high and giddy waves.

I see her people in the solemn burial service, day by day, one after another, committing the worn and wasted forms of their companions to the ocean's deep, until one half their number is all that is left. There was the burial of a mother, and she left young and helpless orphans. One there is to supply, as far as may be, the mother's place—a holy conventional religious obligation has been imposed upon her, and faithfully does the god-mother redeem her vows. I see at last the little band, escaped from their perils, landed, after a five months' passage, on the broad levee of New Orleans, weak and weary from the voyage, poorly clad, scantily provisioned, without shelter, without means, surrounded by those who speak not their tongue, sold as redemptioners—in the touching language of our record, "scattered like young birds from a nest, so that one scarcely knew where the other went." * * * *

Where are they now, that little band of Johanna emigrants? They are rich among the richest, strong among the strongest, good among the best! They have all manfully and nobly achieved their own fortunes, and not to them is longer held the cup of poverty and want. No: they may gather in their own wide halls, built upon their own lands, to the sound of music and song, and spread upon their own board all the luxuries of a teeming soil and a fruitful clime, while the wine which gladdens the feast they themselves import from the vine-clad hills of their father-land. And she, the lost sister of this band of brothers—the lost one now restored—shall she be restored to your hearth-stones and share of your abundance?

Ladies, to you I appeal! I remember in my reading the story of a sailor who was directed by his captain to carry a letter to the lady of his love. The sailor, having performed his errand, stood gazing in silent admiration upon the countenance of the lady, for she was "beautiful exceedingly." "Well, my honest man," she said, "for what do you wait? there is no answer expected." "Lady," said the sailor, I would like to know your name." "And why?" she replied, "why should you seek to know my name?" "Because," said he, "I would call upon it in a storm, and save some ship from sinking." The honest tar scarcely over estimated the power of your sex. He thought it was she, and such as she before whom he stood, who could "ride on the whirlwind and direct its storm," and you are the "divinities who shape our ends, rough hew them as we will."

On you I call to save this injured, this unhappy woman from sinking. We have snatched her from the house of bondage; to leave her now unprotected would be a cruelty instead of a kindness. Visit not upon her the ignominy of her past life—not to her belongs its shame—not on her should be laid its reproach. Since Saturday last, a new life has opened upon her. The book which she now unfolds has as yet no word upon its pages. Ladies! will you see that its future record is an honest and a correct one? Take her by the hand, go with her to the house of your God, teach her to worship His name, cheer, comfort, counsel, and aid her. * * * *

We learn that C. Roselius, Esq. one of the eloquent advocates of Sally Miller's rights, was also present, and gave a toast on the joyful occasion.

The Commercial Advertiser of this city, adds:

It is somewhat remarkable that neither in the editorial remarks of the Tropic, nor in the speech of Mr. Upton, is any allusion made to the most grievous wrong inflicted on this free German woman while held in bondage. It was hard to "labor in the cotton-field"—hard to undergo the sorrows and sufferings of a slave—hard to endure the absolute command of an imperious master—all this was hard for the free woman, but harder still was it for the *woman* to lose the ornament and glory of her sex—to be the slave of her master's lust as well as of his exactions in the cotton-field.

And strange it seems to us, that men whose sensibilities are so awakened by the twenty years' bondage of a woman born in one spot of earth, can yet see nothing wrong, nothing pitiful, in the life-long bondage of many other women, because they were born in another spot of earth, on which, nevertheless, the Almighty God of Heaven looks down with equal eye, and says to the sons and daughters of both, "Ye are all brethren and sisters—all children of one common parent."

From the League.

SPEECH OF GEORGE THOMPSON,

At the second great Metropolitan Anti-Corn-Law Meeting.

[CONCLUDED.]

What does Sir Robert Peel say? He says, "British industry must be protected; our trade with the colonies is important, and our merchant-ships must be guarded on their way over the great ocean, that they may arrive safely at their destination, and return uninjured back again. All this is for the sake of British industry. Very well, we thank him for allowing us to have ten line-of-battle ships, and moreover for promising that he will equip some steamers, so that we may indulge in the prospect of a safe sail to Jamaica or New South Wales, unaffrighted by any buccaneer, or Prince de Joinville. (Laughter.) But we did not ask for ships; we did not seek so much to profit by means of war-steamers as through the results of fellowship in the way of trade, reciprocity in the form of benefits, copartnership upon a universal scale, all contributing alike to one another's happiness, and rendering a quarrel almost as impossible or unlikely as that two partners in Fleet-street should quarrel, break their windows, and tumble their own goods into the street. (Laughter and cheers.) If there be one part of Sir Robert Peel's financial statement which I regard with greater dislike than any other, it is the ridiculous affectation of humanity to the negro slaves across the Atlantic. (Hear, hear.) This has been most ably exposed by the gentleman who has gone before me; and I shall, therefore, say no more than this, that I unite with him in denouncing so barefaced an inconsistency as that into which Sir Robert Peel has fallen—fallen intentionally and designedly. (Hear, hear.) He has made the humanity of the people of this country a means of saddling them with an annual tax; Mr. Wilson will tell you how much, but I think I shall not be far wrong in saying that the extra price which we shall have to pay for our sugar will much exceed two millions sterling; and this at the same time that he allows the cotton of America to come in free of duty. (Hear, hear.) If it is good for us to have cotton, why should it not be beneficial for us to have corn also? (Hear, hear, hear.) If he has got over his scruples as to the cotton, and it is now to be allowed to come in not by paying a small duty, but absolutely free, why will he not allow us to have corn? (Hear, hear.) This is excluded. I know that there is a way of circumventing even this prohibition—namely, by carrying the corn of the western States down the rivers, and across the frontiers into our British Canadian possessions, where, on paying a small duty, it is permitted to be shipped into this country, where it is received on paying a nominal duty. But the Americans do not like this mode of doing business. (Hear, hear.) They want a direct, uninterrupted, immediate access to our ports, and they are fully able to supply us out of the superabundance of their produce with those necessaries and comforts of life of which we stand so greatly in need. (Cheers.) Now, if Sir Robert Peel be that friend to peace which he professes to be,—if he be that sympathetic man which he desires us to believe that he is—for he tells us that he was deeply touched by the statements made by one of the deputations, though the House was so uncivil as to receive that announcement with something like a giggle and a laugh; so that the right honorable baronet was obliged to repeat his assertion, and to assure the honorable gentlemen on the opposite side that he could feel, and had felt—if, I say, Sir Robert Peel has a heart, and is the friend of peace, how is it that his heart does not beat high in the anticipation of securing peace by obtaining from America that of which our country is so much in need?—(Hear, hear.) If there is one thing to be deprecated more than another, to be deplored above all other things, save and except a civil war, it is a conflict with our kinsmen on the opposite side of the Atlantic. (Hear, hear.) No disruption could be more calamitous, no spectacle more revolting, no conflict more unnatural than a war between the people of this country and the inhabitants of the United States. (Hear.) Well, our friends on the other side of the Atlantic suggest a mode of rendering this disruption impossible. They tell us what they can do—what they have—how much of what they possess they can spare—and they tell us what they are willing to take in exchange. They have, in fact, just that which we require, and we are able to produce that which they most need; and Sir Robert Peel has it in his power, if he pleases, to put their raw cotton into the shape of fabricated prints, and to send it out again to array the forms of those who are able to return flour, cheese, butter, pork, and beef, for the support of those who wove and spun the cotton in this country. [Loud cheers.] But no; with admirable consistency and equal humanity, what does he do? He says, "You may have as much as you please of slave-grown cotton;"—the duty was before but five-sixteenths of a penny; but that is now removed—"buy, and work, and spin, and rejoice, and be merry. But," he adds, "if, when you have worked up this cotton in the mill, and you have spun it in the loom—if, when fair fingers have tamboured it at Paisley, any one of you, or your workpeople, should desire to purchase a pound of Brazilian sugar, you must not do so, for Brazilian sugar is prohibited—it is the produce of slave labor. It is true that you have gained all you have by working up slave-labor produce, but you must not have even half a pound of Brazilian sugar, because it is the produce of slavery." [Hear, hear.] But worse than that, they may not taste American corn. The cotton, which is slave-grown, may come in; the corn, which is free-grown, is excluded. Now, Sir, I believe you will bear testimony to the truth of what I say, when I affirm that there are thousands and tens of thousands who hold our principles in America. Although Henry Clay hoisted the standard of protection, it must not be supposed that all who voted for him were the friends of monopoly. There were other reasons which induced many to vote for him besides a love of protection; while, on the other hand, we know that at least a large proportion of those who carried Mr. Polk into the chair of the Presidency were avowedly Free-Traders. I have read, since I came upon this platform, one of the most eloquent speeches that I ever met with against protection in my life, by the present Secretary of State, the Honorable Mr. Calhoun. [Hear, hear.] Though I differ from that gentleman on some points, I do say that on the question of Free Trade his language is straightforward and statesman-like, not only consistent with the best interests of his own but also of our country. [Hear, hear.] I heartily wish that he may carry out this part, at least, of his plans, however I may desire that he may fail in some others. [Hear.] I say that the party who thus sympathize with us in the United States is a strong party; and no wonder that it should be so. I will not give you many figures, but will merely state that when the census of the United States was made, in 1840, the total population amounted to 17,069,453. In the middle States, that is to say, New-York, Jersey, Pennsylvania, &c. &c. the population was 5,118,076; in the north western States, comprising Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Michigan, it was 4,131,370, making in the middle and north western States, as contradistinguished from the New England and south western States, 9,249,446, leaving only 7,820,007 amongst all the other States. Now for the argument derivable from this statement in favor of Free Trade. Out of a population of 17,069,453, we find that there were engaged in commerce 117,607, in manufactures 791,749, and in agriculture 3,719,951. Now the agriculturists are the men whom we want for our customers. [Hear, hear, hear.] The longer we delay the greater are our straits and embarrassments, and the farther off is the prospect of reaping, when the change shall come, the advantages now within our reach. We have lost many already. Every year hundreds and thousands of young men in the New England States coming from college, and, having to choose what they shall be for their future lives, their hearts yearn for the prairies of the West; and when I was in that country, five hundred a day have I seen bearing for the borders of that vast territory, where they expected to find a home and an inheritance for their children. But they have been stopped in their career; they have been kept and fixed where they are, and have turned, or rather been made manufacturers, which they did not desire to be, because you would not give them encouragement to become agriculturists, which they wished to become. This has done that which Sir Robert Peel professes to deplore; it has added to the number of planters who have laid out their capital in the purchase of gangs of slaves, and are found now among the growers of cotton, because you will not allow them to be cultivators of corn. That is the effect of the course which has been pursued by this country. The Government cannot be more pro-slavery in anything than they are in their conduct with regard to the agricultural produce of the United States of America; nor in the exclusion of all descriptions of sugar on the payment of an equal amount of duty. [Hear, hear, hear.] Having examined this question since we met here last year, I am only more deeply confirmed in the opinion which I then expressed, that the Anti-Slavery party in this kingdom, with the purest and noblest intentions, are injuring the cause which they would fain serve, and procrastinating the day when competition and free labor shall destroy, not only Slavery, but that traffic which grows out of it—the detestable commerce in the species, between America and Africa. [Loud cheers.] I have only one other remark to make with regard to America, and that is that whereas our supply of provisions in this country is known to be tolerably short,—for we have it on the authority of a clerical gentleman, that five millions of our population rejoice in potatoes, and a very large number in oatmeal,—and while a great proportion of the population, though they taste wheaten bread, have much less of it than they desire;—while such are the facts with regard to our own country, it appears, from some tables inserted in an admirable pamphlet, entitled "American Corn and British Manufactures," that every man, woman, and child in the United States has forty-two bushels of grain a year—that is to say, they have that to divide among them. [Hear.] Only the other day I received a letter from a relative of mine who has recently gone out to the United States. It says, "If I were required to come back to England, I don't think I could make up my mind to it, because I should fancy that you were all starving, for we are rolling in plenty. We have," it adds, "on this, which is not an extraordinary day, roast turkey and plum pudding for dinner." [Laughter.] Now, I say that if Sir Robert Peel were to turn his attention to these things, we should give him more credit for compassion and sympathy with the sufferings of the people, for integrity and consistency, than he can expect in his present course of conduct to receive at our hands. I am thankful, however, that, in the present session, it has been rendered more apparent by what it is this distinguished man is fettered in office,—by what parties he is bound and trammelled in pursuing his onward course. The fact is, my friends, that he has a sack of corn at one ankle, and a hogshead of sugar at the other; and when a man is manacled with a sack of corn at one ankle, and a hogshead of sugar at the other, it is not to be expected that he can make very great progress. Such seems to be the unfortunate predicament of Sir Robert Peel. Still we do not deem him to be in a hopeless condition. [Hear, hear.] We know that he is not unable to learn.—We know that he is not blind—that he can read the signs of the times. We do not think that he is so completely disinterested that he would throw up office, and patronage, and friends, and connexion, and all that surrounds him in his present position, rather than touch the Corn-Laws, or the sugar monopoly. [Hear.] No; he wants a motive. The people out of doors must generate the momentum. He showed a glass balance in the House of Commons. There is another sort of balance that regulates his chronometer most exactly: he never escapes from it—it governs all his movements. Whether he is at Drayton Manor, Windsor Castle, the Pavilion at Brighton, Whitehall, or in St. Stephen's, this balance regulates him in all he says and does. I am not sure that it does not regulate his very looks. This balance is public opinion. ["Hear, hear," and cheers.] He will do what is right when he cannot help doing it. [Hear, hear.] My friends, I remember who has to come after me, and I will not encroach upon the time which properly belongs to him. [Loud cries of "Go on, go on."] But I will conclude by putting this question:—Is there anything in Sir Robert Peel's financial statement to justify us in relaxing in our efforts? [Loud cries of "No, no."] You answer for me, "No." On the contrary, we should be ungrateful were we to recede from the vantage-ground which we have attained—if we were not to profit by the lesson which this very financial statement reads us. A short time ago there were seven hundred excuses for not repealing the Corn-Laws, and we have now got four hundred and thirty more. What a powerful body must we be when even the Prime Minister of England dare not attempt to excuse himself for neglecting what we think he ought to do with less than seven hundred, or at the very least four hundred and thirty, excuses in his mouth! Ay, he is obliged to print and circulate and get others to circulate them in order that he may delay for a little longer the sentence, condemnation, and execution of the Corn-Laws. There is, I contend, every motive to urge us to proceed. The triumphs which we have obtained in the recognition of our principles, the abandonment of the fallacies with which we had to grapple, the giving up of all those excuses which were once pleaded for the Corn-Laws; these triumphs, I say, of the justice and truth of our cause are so many motives to continued and increased exertions. [Hear, hear.] While protection exists the Anti-Corn-Law League must proceed, adding strength to strength, numbers to numbers, force to force. We have made thus far an amazing progress, greater than any similar association ever made, I believe, in the history of the world. And when men hereafter shall inquire in what way they may overthrow some hoary abuse, protected by power, surrounded and defended by wealth, rank, and corruption—when they would learn whether they may venture to hope that, by exertion, toil, and sacrifice, they can bring such an abuse to the ground—they shall then turn to the pages which record the history of the Anti-Corn-Law League: they shall therein learn that voluntary association will work greater miracles than the hands of them who reared the Pyramids; that bloodless revolutions may be brought about by the agitation of men's minds; that there are weapons that cannot be struck down in the warfare; that there is a power which, though impalpable and invisible, is yet universal and irresistible, and will outlive Ministers, and Governments, and States, and rule the world when man is man indeed. Mr. G. Thompson resumed his seat amid rapturous applause.

From the Trenton State Gazette.

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC SLAVE-TRADE.

The State Gazette of the 11th instant, notices the conviction, in Boston, of Capt. Flowery, the pirate of the slaver Spitfire, and a recommendation of his case to the mercy of the Court, by the jury, and adds: "This passes our understanding, here is a man convicted, after an impartial trial, of being engaged in the most infamous traffic in the world, and yet a New England jury recommend such a wretch to mercy." In our judgment," says the Gazette, "*no* punishment is too severe, for the *slave-trader, the dealer in human flesh, employer and employés.*"* This withering denunciation is just and true, and embraces the whole ground occupied by those who are stigmatized as "fanatical and incendiary" for demanding the *entire* abolition of that traffic. The position here assumed is not more sound than comprehensive, and I hope its intelligent author will perceive and admit the fullness of its application. It is not only the African slave-trader, whom statute and treaty have declared to be a pirate, that is here condemned, but every slave-trader, all human flesh-mongers, without exception. It is because this accursed commerce outrages every law of God and right of man, in all latitudes, and under all circumstances where it exists, that the righteous judgment pronounces it the "most infamous traffic in the world, perpetrated by wretches, for whom no punishment is too severe." A dealer in human flesh is one who buys and sells the bodies of rational and accountable creatures *anywhere*, whether in America or Africa, India or Brazil, and the principles involved are the same throughout the world. Now we have in this country thousands of men and women who are daily "dealers in human flesh," who constantly perpetrate the same enormity, in various places, for which Flowery is condemned. Nor are these the scum of society. They are not men whom we recognize as outcasts; they are, in many instances, the legislators, judges, and executive officers of the country;

whose mournful countenances tell that they are exiled *by force* from all that their hearts hold dear."

Of the extent of this trade few of us have any just conception. Between the years 1817 and 1837, a period of twenty years, 300,000 slaves were taken from Virginia, North Carolina, and Maryland, to the Southern market, agreeably to the statement of the Rev. Dr. Graham, of North Carolina; and in 1835 it was estimated by the most intelligent men in Virginia, that 120,000 slaves were exported from that State during the preceding twelve months. About two-thirds of these accompanied their owners, who removed; the remaining one-third were sold at an average of $600 each, amounting to $24,000,000, which the domestic slave-trade poured into Virginia in one year. "In 1836," says the Maryville (Tennessee) Intelligencer, "60,000 slaves passed through a little western town on their way to the Southern market, and in the same year four States imported 200,000 slaves from the North."—In 1837, a committee appointed by the citizens of Mobile (Ala.) to inquire into the causes of pecuniary distress so prevalent, reported that between 1833 and 1837, Alabama alone imported from the Northern slave States $10,000,000 worth of slaves annually, amounting to forty millions in four years, the price paid by one State alone, for the bodies and souls of men, women, and children, in the heart of a Republic. Thus we see that the nefarious business practised by Capt Flowery, is pursued by thousands of our own citizens, in extent and enormity unparalleled in human history. The political corruption and pecuniary distress which this accursed home traffic, and the system of which it is a part, occasion, may be subjects of future inquiry.

Trenton, 6th mo. 13, 1845. B. R. P.

From the Liberator.

THE LATE CHARLES FOLLEN.

Wm. Lloyd Garrison—Dear Sir:—In a letter to you, in the Liberator of the 27th, over the signature of "A." I find a passage which indicates so great a misapprehension of facts in the writer, that I feel myself bound to make my protest against it. I will quote the passage. He says:

For myself, I have pondered seriously in which station I could act to the best advantage,—whether to devote gifts and education, as Wendell Phillips has nobly done, to the cause, and stand as he does in the ranks of the reformers; or to take this other position, where Channing, Follen and Ware have stood before me, and labor here in their work.

This surely intimates that these three honored friends of humanity did not devote "gifts and education" to the anti-slavery cause, did not "stand in the ranks of the reformers," that their work was a different one. Of one only of them I would speak. In relation to Follen, I must entirely deny the assertion: he did devote his gifts, his education, his time, his thoughts, his worldly prospects, his heart, to the cause; and this every one who knew anything about him, knew full well; so that many regretted his course, and some of his brethren in the ministry felt bound to rebuke him sharply for it. The writer of the letter may not perhaps have read the story of his life—lest he has not, I make a few extracts from it:—

In 1833 (three years after the first Society was formed) Dr. Follen joined the Anti-Slavery Society, and he did so from a devout sense of duty, and after a solemn and prayerful consideration of every objection to so doing. He knew that there were evils belonging to all associations; he never vindicated or approved of abusive language in the Abolitionists, any more than in their opposers;—but when a young friend raised this objection to joining the Anti-Slavery Society, he replied to him:—"I did not feel at liberty to stand aloof from a Society, whose only object was the abolition of Slavery."

He was soon after chosen one of the Board of Managers, and was appointed one of a Committee to draft an Address to the People of the United States, upon the subject of Slavery. To this he devoted all his best powers, and all the time he could spare from his College duties; it went all over the land with his name attached to it. For this he was grossly insulted in one of the public papers, and the paper sent to him with the offensive remarks marked with black lines, to attract his attention to the article. I would ask the favor of the writer of the letter to read this Address.

In 1835 and '36, when the cause met with its greatest opposition, he was more devoted than ever, when every man who sided with it was a marked man. When the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society chose a Committee to answer the charges made against them by the Governor of the State, they appointed Dr. Follen one of that Committee. I quote again from the memoir to show how he received this appointment, and whether he devoted himself to the cause:—

When he received the notice that he was nominated, his first thought was to refuse to serve, because of the extreme inconvenience of fulfilling such a duty in his present situation. It was winter time; he lived eight miles from Boston; and a great part of the day his engagements at home (for his pupils were yet with us) were not to be set aside; his friends as well as his opposers had often reminded him that his being a foreigner made it peculiarly offensive in him to take part in this question; and he disliked the notoriety it would involve him in; but this was just the time when the cause was most hated, most reviled, for all true hearts to be the most devoted. He said, "I must go, I cannot desert them at such a moment."

I would request the writer of the letter to read the account of that meeting at the State House, and then see if at that time Dr. Follen did not devote his gifts to the Anti-Slavery cause—if he did not stand in the ranks of the reformers. I would ask the writer to follow him to New-York. He will there see, that when told by some friend that, "if he would dissolve his connection with the Anti-Slavery Society, or if he at least would refrain from acting with them, it would be greatly to his advantage"—he of course disdained such a thought, and took occasion on the next Sunday to declare his conviction that a Christian minister was bound to take part in Anti-Slavery as well as all other reforms. He became one of the Board of Managers of the American Anti-Slavery Society in New-York, and never omitted going to their meetings. And this he took care to have known. He preached upon the subject when he knew his people, many of them, would be offended, and when he believed that, by so doing, he should lose his position in New-York, which he strongly desired to keep. His hearers seemed to think he was one of the reformers. He identified himself with the Abolitionists in every way that he could. He gave himself to the cause, without stint or measure, whenever and wherever he saw it needed his aid. When he felt called upon to choose between his place in the Church and the anti-slavery cause, he did not hesitate a moment; he chose the hated cause. When he first joined an Anti-Slavery Society, he believed, he knew, indeed, to use his own words, that he was making a sacrifice of his worldly interests. He said, (I quote again from the Memoir,) "If I join the Anti-Slavery Society, I shall certainly lose all chance of a permanent place in College or anywhere else." It was so; and he cheerfully bore the cross which he so solemnly and deliberately took up.—Then let it not be intimated that he did not devote all his gifts, all his powers, to this holy cause, or that he did not stand in its ranks as truly and as firmly as the bravest and noblest of its friends.

If, therefore, the writer of the letter really wishes to do the work that Dr. Follen did, he need not leave his ministry, unless he is driven from it by a pro-slavery community. He is only bound to be faithful in it, and rebuke Slavery and its abettors, as he does all other sins and sinners. He must not even appear to take part with the oppressors, but openly espouse the part of the oppressed. He must devote himself to the Anti-Slavery cause. He must become one of the despised reformers of the day. In short, he must, if he would follow him, be ready to lay his gifts, and education, and all that he may possess, upon the altar of truth and justice and universal freedom.

Yours, with great respect,

ELIZA LEE FOLLEN.

From the League.

GENERAL McDUFFIE.

A bound copy of the League having been forwarded to General McDuffie by George Wilson, Esq. Chairman of the Council of the League, the former has returned the following acknowledgment:

"WASHINGTON, March 11, 1845.

"*My Dear Sir:* I have just received your friendly and flattering letter, requesting me in the name of the 'Council of the Anti-Corn-Law League' of Great Britain, to accept of a copy of the first volume of the League, as a testimony of their esteem, founded upon the services I have rendered to the great cause of Free-Trade with all nations. In accepting this gratifying token of their consideration and regard, I beg the Council to be assured that none other could have been selected more acceptable to me than this authentic record of the early and successful labors of an association which, from its commencement, I have regarded with the deepest interest, as being destined to produce a fundamental change in the commercial policy of Great Britain, which cannot but be followed by a corresponding change in the policy of all the commercial nations of the earth. Since the Saviour of our fallen race sent forth his chosen apostles to preach the sublime doctrine of 'Peace on earth and good will to all men,' no human association has been formed, in my opinion, better calculated to promote the peace, prosperity, and happiness of all nations than the Free-Trade League of Great Britain. A system of Free-Trade, adopted by all nations, would bind them together by bonds of common interest and mutual good will, which the ambition of rulers could never tear asunder. Every nation would rejoice in the prosperity of all nations, as being essential to its own.

"And here the remark may be appropriately made, that there are no political communities on the face of the earth to which these views so forcibly apply as to Great Britain, France, and the other manufacturing nations of Europe on the one hand, and the agricultural staple States of the North American Confederacy on the other. As a representative of the great exporting interest of these States, I habitually look upon the prosperity of Manchester with as much interest and gratification as I do upon that of Charleston or New-York, and much more than I do upon that of Boston, which I am constrained to regard as the fruits of an unjust and oppressive system of legalized plunder, which confiscates at least one-fifth of the annual income of the cotton-planters to sustain a mercenary moneyed aristocracy of pampered and bloated monopolists.

"In conclusion, I beg you to assure the League that they shall have my constant prayers for their success; that the time may soon arrive when the banner of Free-Trade shall wave in triumph over the whole world, and that, beneath its ample folds, 'the nations of the earth may pitch their tents in peace.' Accept for yourself, personally, the assurance of my high consideration and regard.

GEO. McDUFFIE.

"GEO. WILSON, Esq. Manchester, Great Britain."

EXTENDED INFLUENCE OF THE LEAGUE.

In our last number we published a letter from General McDuffie, a Senator of the American Congress, and a strenuous advocate of the principles of Free Trade; we have also had frequent occasion to bring before our readers gratifying evidences of the progress made by these principles in the United States; and we have now to direct their attention to the fact, that the attention of the friends of fair and equitable commerce in various quarters of the globe is fixed upon the proceedings of the League, because they believe that in that body is the chief hope of the friends of humanity for effecting the removal of those restrictions on industry which have ever been the chief source of hostilities between nations, and substituting for these unfriendly relations the bonds of mutual interest, uniting nations in amity by the ties of equal justice and equal advantage. The first claimant of fellowship in the holy cause of Peace and Civilization, which the League has been formed to promote, is Mr. Biddle, of Philadelphia, who claims their acquaintance in the following letter of introduction:—

24, REGENT-STREET, April 17, 1845.

MY DEAR SIR,—I beg leave to enclose a draught for £10, which has been remitted to me by my esteemed friend, C. C. Biddle, Esq. of Philadelphia, as his contribution to the Anti-Corn-Law Bazaar.

Mr. Biddle in his letter to me dated the 29th ultimo, says—"For more than a quarter of a century I have believed and contended that nothing can be of greater moment to the human family than enlightenment on the subject of political economy, or "Free Trade" as its master principle. I, therefore, claim fellowship with your noble efforts in England in this great cause, and ask to be allowed to throw in my humble mite to the common treasury, and I request you to subscribe for me the amount of the enclosed bill, £10 sterling, as a contribution to the Free-Trade Bazaar, to be held in May next, at Covent-Garden, in London. I have already received most ample returns for this investment, in the perusal of the richly-freighted numbers of the LEAGUE and *Economist* you so kindly send me, and to which I also endeavor to give all the circulation within my reach."

Mr. Biddle writes in great admiration of the exertions which you, Mr. Villiers, Mr. Bright, and others are making in the promotion of Free-Trade; and I shall be obliged if you will address a note to me, which I may send to Mr. Biddle, in acknowledgment of his very handsome donation.

Believe me, dear Sir, very truly yours,

THOMAS THORNELY.

RICHARD CORDEN, Esq. M. P.

J. C. CALHOUN, ESQ.

The following letter has been received from J. C. Calhoun, Esq. the celebrated American advocate of Free-Trade, addressed to George Wilson, Esq. Chairman of the Council of the League:—

"FORT-HILL, March 24, 1845.

"DEAR SIR,—I accept with much pleasure the copy of the first volume of the LEAGUE, which you transmitted to me by the direction of the Council of the National Anti-Corn-Law League for my acceptance. I feel greatly honored by this mark of their respect.

"I regard Free-Trade as involving considerations far higher than mere commercial advantages, as great as they are. It is, in my opinion, emphatically the cause of civilization and peace—of wide-spread civilization and durable peace, among the nations of the earth. It belongs to England and the United States to take the lead in this great cause; and I hope the day is not distant when they will set the noble example to the rest of Christendom of freeing commerce of any shackle and imposition, excepting such duties as may be laid exclusively for revenue.

"With very great respect, I am, &c. &c.

"J. C. CALHOUN.

"GEORGE WILSON, Esq. Chairman of the Council."

From the Washington Constitution.

THE AMERICAN PRESS—FREE-TRADE.

It is truly gratifying to perceive that the anti-monopolists in England continue to press, with unabated spirit and energy, those doctrines of reason and justice whose principles must finally regulate the commercial intercourse of the world. Under the slow but mighty workings of public opinion, those bloated and unjust systems of monopoly, which have so long crushed the energies of the people with their oppressive burdens, must finally give way. And even monarchy itself—the royal monopoly in politics—must ultimately yield to the force of the public will, enlightened and invigorated as it is becoming, by the principles and truths, as well as the blessings and benefits, of republican institutions. The iniquitous systems which have enabled the few to control the many—*by which the labor and property of the masses have been made to enrich and pamper those who oppress them*—are tottering and gradually disappearing before the efforts of the long-enduring people, who have at last become aroused to a proper appreciation of their wrongs. Societies, associations, and leagues have, therefore, been formed in England and elsewhere, for the purpose of disseminating wholesome political truths, of enlightening the body of the people upon the subject of their just rights, and of arousing them to a proper sense of their wrongs, and of their power to redress them.

Such is the character of the Anti-Corn-Law League. Mr. Thompson, a prominent member of the League, occupies the same ground, and advocates the same principles, in England, as those sustained by the opponents of a protective tariff—or, in other words, the advocates of Free-Trade—in the United States. It is impossible that the monopolists can long withstand the truths of this doctrine, either there or here. Selfish ingenuity is being driven to its last shifts, and, finally, it must yield. When the great statesmen of England are beginning to relax, surely we need have no fears of ultimate success here.

The repeal of the present high rate of duties, and the reduction of the tariff to the revenue standard, were great questions put in issue during the last presidential election. Mr. Polk was elected upon them—himself being one of their strongest and most consistent advocates, amongst all our distinguished statesmen. And it is true, as Mr. Thompson* says, that a large proportion of those who voted for him, and placed him in the presidential chair, "were avowedly Free-Traders." Under these circumstances, the people of this country confidently expect to see such a modification of the present tariff, at the next session of Congress, as will relieve its oppressive effects, and tend to give to the planter, the farmer, and agriculturist, a more extended market for his valuable surplus products.

* Note of a British correspondent.—"How artfully the odious George" is omitted. This "prominent member of the League" that crouches to the slave-owners, is at the same time the mouthpiece of the League that anathematizes their principles and of the League that threaten their property. Polk and Thompson form as grotesque a partnership as Leavitt and Garrison would form."—[We trust that such a partnership will be rejected.—ED. STANDARD.]

Communications.

Letter from Thomas Earle.

To the Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard:

In your paper of July 3d, you say, "Thomas Earle insists that no Government is perfect, and therefore we are bound to support our own, pro-slavery as it is."

In this you, unintentionally, as I believe, misstate my views. It is true that I think no Government perfect, but not true that, "*therefore*," I think all bad Governments ought to be supported, or that our own ought "*therefore*" to be supported.

I hold that human Governments are necessary, and hence that the mere fact of a Government being imperfect, as all Governments are, is not of itself sufficient to show either that we ought to support it, so far as it is good, or to oppose it altogether, and instantly establish another in its stead. The mode of action and of reform, is to be judged of rationally, from all the circumstances of the case; and we are to take that course which we believe will produce most good and least evil, of all the courses left to our choice, just as we would determine whether it was best to tear down or repair an old and defective house.

So far am I from believing that "we are bound to support our Government, pro-slavery as it is," in the broad sense which these words would imply to most minds, that I hold, in reality, that we are bound to cease from the support of the pro-slavery parts of it, in the speediest, best, and most effective mode possible; and my great objection to the theory of the non-voters, is, that they hold, generally, if not universally, that we ought, for an indefinite time, to support the Government as it is,—according to my understanding of their doctrine and of the term support.

They hold that they ought to continue their support, by paying direct taxes, by using the goods which pay duties, and by employing, in their official capacity, the officers of the Government; and that they ought to oppose its reformation in every way that I can conceive it possible to reform it,—that they should oppose all attempts to reform it either through insurrection, through voting, through buying the slaves, or, as to numbers of them, even through petitioning. Hence, they are the most effective supporters of the Government, as it is, that I know of among all classes of Abolitionists; and if all Abolitionists were to adopt their policy, it appears to me that Slavery in our country, together with the support of it by the Government, would last forever, unless a miraculous change should occur in human nature.

If you can show me that you support the pro-slavery features of the Government less, or oppose them more than I, then I will adopt your policy.

You speak of a "singular disagreement" between the opponents of your opinions on this subject. I do not see that it is any more singular that those who are your opponents in opinion, should differ among themselves, than that mine should. It is as strange that you and Mr. Leavitt, both differing from me, should also differ from each other, as that Mr. Leavitt and myself, both differing from you, should also differ from one another.

It is a satisfaction to me to know, that while my views on this point are sustained by the careful exercise of my own judgment, they are also consistent with the judgments and consciences of nineteen-twentieths of the human race, in every age and nation, acting with those powers of discernment and that sense of moral obligation which their Creator has conferred on them: and that of those who have, at one time in life, adopted opposite views, a large portion have afterwards abandoned them, and the greater portion of the remainder have shown that such doctrines are not fit for man, by the gross inconsistency of their conduct with their abstract professions.

To proceed now to other topics. I noticed in your columns—not under the Pro-Slavery head—an article from the Boston Courier, attributing the decay of prosperity in Virginia to the opposition of that State to the tariff views of Henry Clay, &c. and not at all to Slavery; also the letter of Horace Greely, insisting stoutley, in substance, that because there is some distress in our own neighborhoods, in the North, we ought to go on supporting the pro-slavery features of our national Constitution and laws, and in voting for officers of the national Government, pay no attention to the question whether they will go for the abolition either of Southern oppression, or of our support of that oppression.

You did not state whether you were convinced, by these articles, and consequently thought that all Abolitionists who vote at all ought to vote for Whig pro-slavery tickets, as their writers would wish to inculcate. I, however, remain unconvinced by all their logic and eloquence, and still believe that the decay of Virginia is more owing to Slavery, than to her voting against the Whig pro-slavery tickets: also, that in voting for officers of the national Government, it is both possible and reasonable to consider whether the candidates will endeavor to remove all oppressive laws throughout that land for which they legislate, instead of being willing that they should oppress the people in every district but our own, which Mr. Greeley, in the piece copied by you, seems to consider the most humane, Christian, and honest course.

I have seen a new paper called the "Bugle," published by the Executive Committee of the Ohio American Anti-Slavery Society, on behalf of said Society, and supporting what is named, perhaps not very appropriately, the "disunion doctrine." If I rightly comprehend the state of affairs in Ohio, the publication of such a paper, in the name and at the cost of the Society, is a gross violation of the principles of honor and honesty, as I understand them, though probably not as the Committee understand them; for circumstances make a wonderful alteration of cases, with some human beings.

If I am right as to facts, the Society, last year, passed resolutions in direct condemnation of the disunion doctrine, and this year refused to rescind them, inasmuch as it laid on the table the resolutions of an opposite character, which were offered. But the voting portion of the Society, not apprehending anything like what in old fashioned language is denominated *trick*, suffered a majority of non-voters to go on the Executive Committee. One of the first acts of this Committee, is to establish a paper to advocate doctrines in direct opposition to those of the Society in whose name and at whose cost it is published. According to the notions of nine-tenths of mankind, such a course is highly dishonorable and unjust; but inasmuch as some Abolitionists hold that mankind are more often wrong than right in their opinions, they may deem that this popular view of the question is an additional evidence that the Committee is acting rightfully. I take my impression of facts from the newspapers of all sides. If I am wrong as to them, I would gladly be set right. Yours, very respectfully, THOMAS EARLE.

Letter from Mr. Abdy.

LONDON, UNIVERSITY CLUB.

Dear Mrs. Chapman:—The fallacies of "the Friend" cannot have imposed upon the readers of the Standard. The colored man alluded to by Shillitoe *could* not have been the person suggested by the anonymous writer, as he admits himself, since he tells us that the objection so much censured was never made against *him*. He adds, too, as if one self-contradiction was not enough, that it is doubtful whether this *was* the case in question. The date of the occurrence, however remote, is of no further consequence than as it tells with greater force against the mutilators of the journal. The omission convicts them of gratuitous participation in the iniquity, and the collusion of their English brethren justifies the suspicion of deception. Shillitoe's whole life is a guarantee of fidelity and acuteness in investigating the evidence of all that he has recorded. Of him, who has called both in question, we know not even the name, but we know that the lapse of fifteen or twenty years had added difficulties to his inquiry, and we have reason to suspect that he was not free from bias. Those who were most competent to give evidence, were the least likely to be candid; and if they had not protested against the suppression of a fact, they would hardly assist in proving its authenticity. This matter ought not to rest as it is: The Indiana "Seceders" may, perhaps, find some means of getting at the truths. Their conduct, under very trying circumstances, appears to have been judicious and praiseworthy. Their address is excellent. It would have been better if they had condemned the practice of hiring slaves—a practise that obstructs emancipation, by creating a class of middle-men, and more liable to be abused than slaveholding, as a coachman takes less care of jobbed horses than he does of his master's, to say nothing of the master himself. The performance of Quaker duties could no more be enforced or tolerated in a community of slave-owners, than honesty among banditti, or chastity in a brothel. The consistent worshipper of God is an unpardonable rebuke to the worshipper of mammon. Joseph Phillips, one of our most active Abolitionists, was totally ruined by the Antigua planters, because he preferred marriage to concubinage, with a colored woman. Unfortunate as these social relations are, we should have pitied the sufferers, if they had not claimed exemption from their influence. They have imposed upon too many English, and their dupes have not sought information from those who are least able to afford it. Garrison can bear witness to the truth of this assertion, and I could mention other American Abolitionists who, while here, were astonished at Quaker indifference on the subject of American Slavery.

* * * * * *

It would be as well to ascertain whether what Shillitoe has said of the Moravian slaveholders in Georgia has been omitted in the American edition. He reproved them firmly but mildly for their conduct, and told them that the example of such professors of religion was an apology and an encouragement to others. No allusion to this passage, you will see, was made by any one at the "World's Convention," when coercion was pleaded in defence of the Danish Moravians. No one suggested, that, absurd as such a plea was, it was not available in a Dutch colony or in an American republic. The affair was handed over to a committee, with a comity which the Court of Rome itself, or the whole bench of English Bishops would have sought for in vain with bended knee and bare head.

* * * * * * *

Believe me, in all truth and sincerity, &c. &c. &c.

E. S. ABDY.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 31, 1845.

The Anti-Corn-Law League and Slavery.

Whenever the members and friends of the American Anti-Slavery Society have been taunted by the advocates of Slavery with union in the bonds of a hypocritical fraternity, with English Abolitionists, we have always rejoiced in being able to deny the fact; and do assert that our British coadjutors, so far from being guilty of the inconsistency charged upon them, of sending their sympathies across the water so abundantly as to have none left for home-misery, were the most active opponents of the odious monopolies which grind the people of England to the dust.

All who sympathize with us, we said, are members and friends of the ANTI-CORN-LAW LEAGUE. *That* is the work, of all others in England, which bears the closest analogy to the Anti-Slavery enterprise in our own land, and that is, therefore, the body with which we feel the most affinity.

We have observed, with pain, that the hereditary abolition of Englishmen is seldom equal to the severe test to which it is necessarily subjected by travelling in the United States. We have been mortified to see in the conduct of so many such visiters, that the words—"Liberty—the Englishman's birthright,"—"A free-born Englishman," &c. hardly have a deeper meaning in their minds than "America, the land of the free and the home of the oppressed," does in the hearts of the people of the United States.

But we did not expect to see English philanthropic bodies paying respect to Southern slaveholders. Least of all were we prepared to see symptoms of genuflexion on the part of the body that we should have thought so truly invulnerable in virtue of its free principles and its purpose of elevating the lowest to civil equality.

We refer to the preceding column for extracts from recent correspondence of the chairman of the Council of the League, Thomas Wilson, Esq. with Mr. Calhoun and Mr. McDuffie.

This is not a question of receiving the help of bad men for a good object: that is right. Nor is it a question of personal kindness to every human being, however vile in character: that is right. But it is an abondonment of true ethical principles, and a disregard of moral distinctions. It is materialism against spiritualism, utility against righteousness, Paley against Jesus Christ, the Anti-Corn-Law League and the Anti-Liberty-League against the slave. We deeply regret to see it. We esteem it a duty to say so, that we may do our duty in the premises as American Abolitionists. Should we send bound copies of the "Standard" to the men who are the very incarnations of Slavery, in such a manner as to comfort their consciences in slaveholding, and keep them in countenance before the civilized world, and should the deed be gratefully acknowledged by them as a mark of respect for their characters, we should feel that we had blunted the edge of that sword of the spirit which alone can fight the slaves' battle with success.

We deeply regret the position—we hope only temporary—in which the League is placed by the action of the chairman of its Council, and those who advised or sustain this step. We earnestly hope that a revision of the ground will show them the wound they have inflicted on the cause of Freedom. They ought not to sacrifice the hopes of the American slave in the vain idea of raising those of the British laborer. Duties never conflict. There was a time when the American Anti-Slavery Society was tempted to obtain the slave at the expense of the rights of its female members. It resisted that temptation; and though it seemed as if it must, in consequence, lose its existence, yet that very act of fidelity to principle was made the means of its salvation. The British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society was tempted to strengthen itself by the sacrifice of freedom of conscience and freedom of trade. It yielded; and the consequence was that Tories and Leaguers alike despise it.

We earnestly desire that the League, in this moment of trial, may not yield. We trust it may yet see that, between the elements it is trying to combine, there can be no affinity. The League wants free-trade, to elevate and improve the condition of the English laboring classes. The Southern free-trade men want it in order to keep their laboring classes degraded and enslaved.

Mr. McDuffie, it will be seen by reference to the correspondence, shows that harsh language is by no means an Anti-Slavery monopoly. The South evidently feels the Jeshurun-like promptings imparted to her by the annexation of Texas. It was a fatal moment for the chairman of the League to take to add its impulse to the spurning. American Abolitionists cannot, on peril of their lives, even visit the South for the solace of a milder climate. This exclusion is made by reason of their virtue, and not by reason of their faults. Would not Mr. Thomas Wilson be received there with acclamations of joy, since his letters in behalf of the League.

Our hope for the recovery of the League from this false step is the stronger, that some of its best members have taken the surest way to arouse it to a sense of the necessity. They have "come out" from participating in the retrograde movement, and we think they have done right. May they have the satisfaction of seeing the League moved by their example to come up to their position.

The following letter presents the argument and reproof in a most faithful and admirably condensed manner. We have detained the reader from it too long, but it was the moment to bear our witness, as the chosen representatives of American Abolitionists.—c.

LONDON, June 22, 1845.

My Dear Mrs. Chapman:—The following is (as near as may be,) the copy of a letter left by me on the 21st, at Mr. G. Thompson's office, (about 200 yards from my club,) when he was within.

Dear Sir:—As a friend both to the abolition of Slavery and to Free-Trade, you cannot feel indifferent to a subject closely connected with both; and, as the literary organ of "the League" is not open to me, I appeal to its advocate. A short, and, I hope, a civil, letter was sent last week to the editor of the League; but no notice has been taken of the communication. It contained a request that my name might be erased from the list of members, and was addressed to the President. I stated, as my reason for this step, the inconsistency that an Abolitionist would be guilty of, if he concurred, by his silence, in the propriety of a respectful correspondence with slaveowners, on the assumption of their attachment to Free-Trade. I could not acknowledge in the enemies of personal liberty, the friends of commercial. A wish to emancipate capital could hardly, I thought, be rationally attributed to those who would not emancipate labor—itself capital, and, in this case, capital of which the legal possessor is not the natural proprietor. The League, during the discussion of the sugar duties, (the supporters of which forgot to support the cotton duties,) professed its hostility to Slavery:—why then has it selected slaveholders for the exclusive honor of its approbation? We need not go to the Southern States of North America, in search of common sense, nor can we hope to find common justice among "soul-drivers" and negro-jobbers. The tariff is not the only apple of discord in the Union; and the League's alliance with one section, will be considered a double declaration of war by the other—where it might have found many *honest* friends. I can quit the League, and remain a Free-Trader; but I shall not feel myself an Abolitionist, if I remain a member. Let every man act upon his own convictions. You are a friend to publicity, and will, I doubt not, explain to the meeting on Wednesday, what I cannot explain in person; or will you get this inserted in the League,—at all events, you will be kind enough to return the manuscript, directing it to the University Club. If "the laborer is worthy of his hire" in Dorsetshire, why is he to be refused it in Virginia? Wages are closely connected with corn-laws, whether you oppose the latter or defend them; and the League ought not to excite the English peasantry against their employers, while it both refuses all sympathy with their American brethren, and lavishes its admiration on their oppressors. Opposition to fiscal protection of free-labor, does not imply indifference to the iniquity of slave-labor. It is one thing to purchase Brazilian sugar, and another to praise American cotton-planters, for their love of liberty. "Licence they mean, when they cry liberty,"—licence to coin dollars out of other men's industry—and the liberty of converting their human cattle into political "capital." The League demands for the agricultural laborer, the same justice as for the cotton-lord.—Yet it pays equal homage to the robber of the one, and to the customer of the other. If it really wishes that labor shall be free, why does it court the smiles of those who have proclaimed to the world that it never shall be? Here then we have matter enough for suspicion of insincerity, with all who lament or rejoice in the errors of reformers. Free-Trade in the Southern States! Why the protective principle is applied then to human beings!—Discriminating duties fall most heavily on the skin of every stranger. The importers of free-goods are liable to imprisonment, and sale by auction. The same article can neither be exported legally, nor imported with impunity. An embargo is laid upon locomotion, and the commerce of mind is prohibited. Many of their own citizens must undergo quarantine, and a clear bill of health is refused to the subjects of their own Government. Such are the laws enacted or defended by Calhoun and McDuffie! And such are the law-makers, to whom Mr. Cobden looks for cosmopolitan liberality. Free-Trade, indeed! Why the Free-Trade of these "chivalrous" Southerners, is the Free-Trade in "niggers;"—their commercial code is repudiation;—and their distributive justice is Lynch-law. Pro-slavery pens are at work in France and Germany, as well as in England—and this unfortunate correspondence will be turned to some party purpose in the United States.

Yours &c.

E. S. ABDY.

This letter has been neither noticed nor returned. No reference to the subject, it seems, was made at the meeting in Covent-Garden, or in the League paper. Three of our associations (for the abolition of Slavery, for the protection of India, and for the repeal of the Corn-Laws) have contrived to cross the path of your Southern system. The first has given it "a lift" by the sugar-duties—the second is to give it its *coup de grace* by underselling its produce—and the third gives it the right-hand of fellowship. It was at a meeting of the Aborigines Protection Society, that the Indian affair was concocted. I suspected, from the speeches and the speakers, that mercantile speculation had put on the mask of philanthropy—a good subject for the next Queen's ball, if a Quaker's tomfoolery is to be found at a West-End tailor's. A coffee planter, it appears, and some other residents, had discovered the connecting link between justice to the natives, and prosperity to the English. Hence the grand scheme of uniting the Eastern and the Western worlds, in one comprehensive effort for the promotion of humanity. Righteousness and Truth were to kiss each other, and Astræa was to dance the Polka with Plutus. The millennium of national virtue had dawned upon us. The powerful saw no benefit in plundering the unprotected; vested interests were to trim the balance between free-labor and slave-labor—and the maxim that honest policy is politic honesty, would soon cease to be an Eutopian antithesis.

While the cotton-grower is attacked by two of these Societies from opposite quarters, the third comes to his rescue with officious alacrity and unsolicited kindness. With gratuitous contempt for the rights of human nature, the friends of Lazarus fraternizes with Dives; Mr. Cobden goes out of his way to embrace Mr. Calhoun, and Mr. Bright pulls off his hat to Mr. McDuffie. This is an awkward dilemma, for an "uncompromising" Abolitionist. The Free-Trade of the League is the Southerner's salvation, while that of the Indian Association is to be his destruction. The same hand is to administer the poison and the antidote Cobden's cordial is to neutralize General Briggs's "arsenic;" and G. Thompson's "curses" at Boston, will be "blessings" at Washington. The League weeps over Lord Shaftesbury's ploughboy, but has no pity for Mr. Calhoun's bondman. Lord Ashley is a hypocrite, and the American Senator is a philanthropist. Free-Trade atones for the crimes of slaveholding, and the Corn-law vitiates the motives of the Factory Bill. Be with us, and we have nothing to do with your dependents: be against us, and they become our clients. Praise the League, and we care not though you trample on the souls and bodies of three millions. Say a word against us, and eaves-droppers shall tamper with your servants, informers shall haunt your farmers, and spies shall cross-examine your cottagers. Such is the difference between demanding and awarding justice. The crimes of the House of Commons are the virtues of the House of Representatives.

Thomas Earle's Letter.

If, in a former article, I misrepresented Mr. Earle's views, I most cheerfully apologize for an unintentional mistake. I can hardly think, however, that my meaning was generally misunderstood in the sentence which he quotes. I might, I acknowledge, have been clearer, but at the expense of brevity, had I not supposed that what I did say could not be misinterpreted. Let me be clear now.

I have understood from Thomas Earle's former articles that this was his position:—that whereas Government is absolutely necessary among men, it is our duty to support it: there is no perfect Government, we are therefore bound to support imperfect ones: "therefore we are bound to support our own, pro-slavery as it is." It seems to me very strange that one could understand me, as representing him as saying that all bad governments ought to be supported, *because* they are bad. My meaning was, that, according to his doctrine, we are bound to support them, *notwithstanding* they are bad. I wished merely, however, to contrast the positions of Thomas Earle and Joshua Leavitt, each arriving at precisely the same conclusion, namely, the duty of supporting the United States Government, from precisely opposite premises, one advocating it because all Governments are bad, and the other, because, all Governments are, in their essence good.

If Thomas Earle holds that "we are bound to cease from the support of the pro-slavery parts of it (the Government) in the speediest, best, and most effective mode possible," we are for once agreed. The difference between him and the non-voters is, that they will do this which he declares we are all "bound" to do, by refusing at once and forever to yield any voluntary support to the Government, because the Government, or more properly speaking, the Constitution, is *a whole*, and the whole or none must be supported; while he, on the other hand, will not refrain from supporting the whole, including the bad, because a part is not pro-slavery.

The non-voters do not hold that they "*ought* to continue their support by paying direct taxes," &c. But they do hold that they are not always obliged to undergo petty martyrdom, by resisting the Government in cases where *involuntary support* will be inevitably compelled. They only yield to superior physical power, where they know it will be resorted to if the Government be resisted. If all classes of Abolitionists were to adopt their policy, there would soon be no pro-slavery Government to support, and a new and Anti-Slavery one would grow up, and that without any "miraculous change" in "human nature."

I acknowledge my error in saying that the "disagreement" among our opponents is singular." It will be a singular fact, and well worth recording, when Thomas Earle shall be found agreeing with anybody. It is hardly a greater marvel that he should indulge in so singular a mental hallucination as to persuade himself that he is already in agreement with "nineteen twentieths of the human race."

The article from the Boston Courier was not put under the Pro-Slavery head, because there was nothing pro-slavery in it. It was inserted because of the correctness of the facts of the writer as to the decay of the South. I did not agree with him as to the cause, but did not think it necessary to point out a mistake which I thought would be evident to the veriest tyro in Anti-Slavery. I sometimes take for granted the common sense of my readers, but if I have wronged Thomas Earle, or any one else, in doing so in this instance, I heartily beg his pardon. I believe that Slavery is the cause of the wretched imbecility and decay of the South, and do not believe that a true prosperity or a healthy growth—compared with what we might have—will ever visit the South so long as Slavery exists, or the North, so long as she maintains a union with slaveholders.

Mr. Greeley's letter to the Cincinnati Convention was published in this paper, partly because it was not treated with that courtesy it deserved by the Convention itself, and it was therefore presumed some curiosity would be felt to see the bug-bear that so frightened Liberty party from its propriety, and partly because it was no more than just that it should be published with the letters of other eminent men invited to that Convention. I have no sympathy with the views, and am not likely to be convinced by the arguments of the writer, and had indeed intended to accompany the letter with some remarks, but was prevented by the crowded state of our columns. I think, however, that Horace Greeley's Fourierism is much less likely to do harm to our cause than his adhesion to the Constitution of the United States. I agree with him most heartily, that the rottenness of our social system needs to be deeply probed, and that we are surrounded with poverty, wretchedness, and crime, which ought not to exist in a professedly Christian land, and would not were we anything more than professedly Christian. But I differ from him *toto cælo* in the relative position which he gives to chattel slavery in our social system.

I cannot give our friend the information he requires in regard to the "Bugle." I know nothing of the arrangements made for the publication of that paper, but shall presume, till I see evidence to the contrary, that those concerned in it are honest men, and are neither guilty of "trickery," or of doing anything "highly dishonorable and unjust." As I am absent from New-York, (in consequence of illness,) while writing this article, I cannot refer to the resolutions passed at the two last annual meetings of the Ohio American Society. I remember, however, that the Society refused to consider a proposition for dissolving its auxiliaryship with the American Society, and I presume, therefore, that many of its members are non-voting Abolitionists, and that the rest do not consider their difference on this point sufficient cause of division.—c.

The First of August.

Neither illness nor absence will excuse me from a hopeful word for the return of this joyful Anniversary. I know it will not be forgotten by any true Abolitionist, that in more than half of the States of this Union a glad hymn of praise and a thankful prayer will be offered up by thousands of grateful hearts that Liberty is not everywhere a bye-word. With what almost mad joy must those poor West Indian negroes, oppressed even as they now are, hail the return of a day, which, within the memory of their young children, dawned upon them as the first day of Freedom. Hitherto it had been blackest night for their race. The past, the present, and the future, was to them all darkness. They were born slaves, they gave birth to slaves, and they died slaves. Unrequited toil, unmitigated wretchedness, dark ignorance, and a joyless life only was theirs from the cradle to the grave. Humanity never found a place on earth that was not a better one than theirs. They alone, and those like them, of all God's children, could weep tears of joy over the early dead, mourn only at the graves of the aged that they lived so long

fore, and which are to be done by us. We need to renew our faith and our zeal. As our cause has become more popular, it has become with many almost a pastime, rather than a duty. But precisely because it is becoming popular is there the more need that we should take heed to our footsteps. Still it is *our* work, and *our* cause. The people, so far as they are right, are so only because we are in advance of them. To our work, then, this day! Let the blows fall thick and heavy on the Church and State. Forget not the motto, "WITHOUT CONCEALMENT, WITHOUT COMPROMISE." Let the watchword be everywhere, "No UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS!" Circulate the pledges. Renew your own covenant this day, bring up for baptism all in whose hearts are born a love for the slave and a hope for Freedom.—G.

HAYTIAN SKETCHES.—No. 4.

Haytian Politics—The Military System.

"What do you understand by politics?" said one to me.

I mean by it, the science of our relations to our fellow-men; but I am aware that the popular meaning of the term is a much less comprehensive one; referring rather to the practice of intrigue, than to the knowledge of social duty: to the science of circumvention, than to the intellectual perception of rectitude.

Our observations in Hāiti were made chiefly for the purpose of ascertaining what objects the body of the people had in view in the preservation of their national independence, what obstacles lay in the way of their attainment, and what differences of opinion existed as to the means.

Though the Hāitians are guiltless of the charge so unblushingly and wickedly brought against them, by the Colonization Society, for the purpose of proving immediate emancipation dangerous, of cutting their masters' throats out of revenge, after having been made free, still it remains a fact that the first and the last steps of their freedom were won through blood. Taking the infection of our American Revolution through the medium of our French imitators, they did, at length, unite with the Revolutionists for the rights of man. Between the years 1791 and 1793, they were in a state of confusion and partial insurrection,—finding their bearings amid the surges of the times, and learning the lessons of that liberty which the white men preached—a liberty whose every step was through carnage.

But in 1793 light shone upon the blind struggle of royalists, and republicans; Spaniards, and Frenchmen; planters, and slaves; blacks, and men of color. The French Commissioner, Santhonax, in terror at an apprehended invasion of Great Britain, proclaimed freedom to the slaves as the only means of preserving "the Queen of the Antilles" to the French. His proclamation was, the next year, sanctioned by a formal decree of the national assembly, abolishing Slavery throughout *all* the French dependencies. *Now* every man knew where he was. *Now* free-born men of color and emancipated slaves thronged round TOUSSAINT,—expelled the English from the Island, and being thrown upon their own wisdom and their own resources by the complete isolation from the mother country, which the fleets of Great Britain had effected, they proclaimed the INDEPENDENCE which they have ever since maintained against the world.

But peace came like a calamity upon Napoleon. A troublesome army and ambitious generals were left upon his hands to dispose of as best he could; and his policy set them upon the same sort of hopeless task imposed by the wizard Michāel Scott, in similar circumstances, with a malignant spirit. *He* employed the dæmon in making ropes out of sand, to keep it from tearing him in pieces. It was even a *more* hopeless task, to re-unite St. Domingo to France, without Freedom, as the only element of cohesion. The blacks were victorious;—obtained the acknowledgment of their independence from France and England;—differed in opinion as to whether monarchy or republicanism were the better mode of national existence;—tried both;—preferred republicanism;—and their style is, "the *Republic of Hāiti*—one and indivisible." This is, in a single paragraph, the history of fifty years. Hereafter we mean to illustrate it more fully.

Relieved from the intolerable burden of Slavery, they were still weighed down by that of the military organization which had been the means of breaking the yoke of French dominion. The leaders of the people found it as critical and difficult an operation to disband an army as Napoleon had done. The military dæmon, so readily evoked, is not so easily dismissed, especially among an unlettered population. They could not, like the petty German powers of the times, sell their disorderly soldiers, whom a life of battles and of camps had unfitted for a life of peace. They were too far advanced in morals for that. It did not occur to them as to the wisdom of the American Colonization Society, that the way to strengthen a nation was to send away its component parts. They were too knowing as to what constitutes a State for that. They encouraged immigration and agriculture, and observed what Mr. Calhoun calls "a masterly inactivity," with regard to the army. It looked absurd to keep 40,000 men in the field in time of peace; but their position with regard to foreign powers gave them an excuse that masked the *real* difficulty, that they had "caught a tartar" that would not permit them to let him go.

The Hāitian people had good sense;—far more than nations, making more pretensions, have shown at more advanced periods of their history. If the people of England, in Cromwell's time, had been as ready to part with monarchical institutions, with their brilliant trappings, splendid burdens, and *prestige* of loyality, they would have shown as good sense as did the Hāitians forty years ago; and would have saved the trouble of chartrism and the Anti-Corn-Law League to the after time.

But though the people of Hāiti had good sense, they had not, being unable generally to read, good means of information; and were consequently at the mercy of designing men; whom it would be dangerous to the stability of the new Government to deprive of place and power. It would afford them a pretext for continually getting up petty revolutions for their own benefit. The men composing the army had grown up upon the field of battle, and found it a perplexing thing to change the spear into the pruning-hook. The soldier's manual exercise is not a preparation for the citizen's manual labor, and it is hard to draw nations from the ground after having been for a lifetime accustomed to look to the *caisse militaire*.

Petion, the Washington, and Boyer, the John Adams of the new nation, made use of the martial habits and the embodied soldiery, to stay up the republican form of Government, by the appointment of military satraps, called *commandans d'arrondissement*, in every primary division of the country, answering to Cromwell's major-generals, in the time of England's Commonwealth.

They also endeavored to bring the soldiery into the habits of civil and social life, by making them landholders, and giving them two weeks out of every three to cultivate their rural domains, and so arranging the duty of these modern Cincinnati, that only one-fourth of the whole 40,000 should be on duty at once.

But, arrange it as they would, such a burden was severely felt; and in the Hāitian Congress the demand for reform was continual. Boyer, like Sir Robert Peel, was always ready, statesman-like, to go as fast in this direction as he was pushed by public sentiment. It was not alone the great amount of money annually raised from the people to pay the expense of this military organization with all its *commandans*, generals, colonels, captains, non-commissioned officers, and rank and file, whose pay varied, from the three dollars per month of the common soldier, for one week of duty out of every three, to the $1,100 per annum of the superior officer of the highest grade. More deeply than the waste of their money, the cultivators felt the temptations to idleness and vice, that such a system presented to their children. The success of the civil over the military policy was such, that in 1842, the time of our last visit, the standing army had become reduced to 25,000 men, and the money paid for military purposes, to a million and a half of dollars; and a recruiting law had just been passed imposing such restrictions upon the military system, that not more than five hundred inhabitants of Port-au-Prince, a city of 37,000 people, remained legally the subjects of its operations. These were the next of kindred to vagabonds, and could, at any moment they chose, escape military liabilities by an industrious life.

By the law to which I have alluded, *seront exempts de recrutement*,

1. The proprietors of rural properties, cultivating the soil themselves.
2. Cultivators on contract with great landholders.
3. The heads of commercial or manufacturing establishments.
4. Young married men, living with their wives.
5. The only son of a family.
6. One son of every family, at the choice of the parents.
7. Apprentices.

This, as was observed to us by M. Dupuy, of Port-au-Prince, a gentleman of high intelligence and patriotism, whose heart's first wish had been the triumph of the civil over the military policy, was all that was necessary by way of prevention. Absolute cure was a more critical and embarrassing affair, to be effected only by a more radical change; and neither the Romish nor the Protestant missionaries aid the wise statesman, by preaching peace as a duty.

The intrigues of the *ci-devant* generals and superior officers, to whom reform gives their congé, are at present the most fertile sources of disturbance in the Island. But the perception of the superiority of civil over military rule is still gaining ground, and the temporary agitation is likely to be a permanent gain. The feeling that procured the *loi de recrutement* of 1841, above cited, still remains the prevailing one; and when the superstitious jealousy of the Eastern or Spanish part of the island shall have become assured that the new, reformed constitution, is not an assault upon religious faith; and when, (which is devoutly to be hoped,) the French Hāitians, so greatly superior in population and resources, shall amend the grand political mistake of Boyer's Government,—that of imposing the French language on the Spanish Hāitians, the deepest seated sources of disturbance will have been removed.

The chief obstacle to the complete triumph of the civil prejudice over the military one, seemed to us to be, the way in which the latter is fostered in a population so imaginative and impressible, by the solemn pomp of the religious festivals and grand funerals, which put to the blush our frigid attempts to give public demonstrations of gladness or grief. Our next sketch shall be of a scene which will illustrate the manner of being of this people, better than almost any other we could select:—a Hāitian military funeral.—c.

LINES,

By James Russell Lowell, on reading of the Capture of certain Fugitive Slaves near Washington.

Look on who will in apathy, and stifle, they who can,
The sympathies, the hopes, the words, that make man truly man;
Let those whose hearts are dungeoned up with interest or with ease,
Consent to hear with quiet pulse of loathesome deeds like these:

I first drew in New England's air, and from her hardy breast
Sucked in the tyrant-hating milk that will not let me rest;
And, if my words seem treason to the dullard and the tame,
'Tis but my Bay-State dialect—our fathers spake the same!

Shame on the costly mockery of piling stone on stone
To those who won our liberty, the heroes dead and gone,
While we look coldly on, and see law-shielded ruffians slay
The men who fain would win their own, the heroes of to-day!

Are we pledged to craven silence? O, fling it to the wind,
The parchment wall that bars us from the least of human-kind—
That makes us cringe, and temporize, and dumbly stand at rest,
While Pity's burning flood of words is red-hot in the breast?

Though we break our fathers' promise, we have nobler duties first;
The traitor to Humanity is the traitor most accurst;
Man is more than Constitutions; better rot beneath the sod,
Than be true to Church and State while we are doubly false to God!

We owe allegiance to the State; but deeper, truer, more,
To the sympathies that God hath set within our spirit's core.
Our country claims our fealty; we grant it so, but then
Before Man made us citizens, great Nature made as men.

He's true to God who's true to man; wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest, 'neath the all-beholding Sun,
That wrong is also done to us, and they are slaves most base,
Whose love of Right is for themselves, and not for all their race.

God works for all: Ye cannot hem the hope of being free
With parallels of latitude, with mountain-range or sea.
Put golden padlocks on Truth's lips, be callous as ye will,
From soul to soul, o'er all the world, leaps one electric thrill.

Chain down your slaves with ignorance, ye cannot keep apart,
With all your craft of tyranny, the human heart from heart.
When first the Pilgrims landed on the Bay-State's iron shore,
The word went forth that Slavery should one day be no more.

Out from the land of bondage 't is decreed our slaves shall go,
And signs to us are offered, as erst to Pharaoh.
If we are blind, their exodus, like Israel's of yore,
Through a Red sea is doomed to be, whose surges are of gore.

'T is ours to save our brethren, with peace and love to win
Their darkened hearts from error, ere they harden it to sin;
But, if man before his duty with a listless spirit stands,
Ere long the Great Avenger takes the work from out his hands.—[*Boston Courier.*

The English and American Friends, and American Slavery.

We copied, in the Standard, six months since, a communication from the "Friend," to show how little could be said to disprove the charge of being pro-slavery, which rests against the great body of Friends in the United States. We had before shown, by references to their course, as a body, that sect is dearer to them than humanity; and as straws show the way the wind blows as conclusively as weightier things, we added a passage from Shillitoe's journal, suppressed in the American edition, which condemns an exhibition in their ranks, of prejudice against color. We refer to our column of communications in this day's paper, in proof of the ill success of the fallacies of the writer in the Friend, as to the denial of our statement that the "Friend," the organ of the Orthodox Friends, long since espoused the interests of the Colonization Society. We have but to refer to the columns of that paper in proof. If the "Friend" has ceased to approve of that Society, we should like to publish some effectual proof of that fact: something as tangible as the reproaches of the Colonization Society itself, or the remonstrances of Elliot Cresson. We shall rejoice to find ourselves mistaken. That the position of the "Friend" is pro-slavery there can be no mistake about. Whether out of cowardice or worse motives, we need not take pains to show by citations from its columns; since

"*all wickedness is weakness.*"

If Abolitionists have one characteristic more prominent than another, it is their blamable charity. Fifty years hence, *that* will be the charge that will lie against them. They deserve that it should do so now.

But we wish now merely to refer to the letter of our London correspondent, which is of much interest at this moment, when British and American Friends are both about to weigh themselves afresh in the Anti-Slavery balance, in the matter of the Indiana secession.—c.

☞ We rejoice to see a stop put to the efforts which have from time to time been made, by Dr. Dewey when in England, and by other members of the Unitarian ministry in America, to justify their own pro-slavery course by misrepresentations of the position of Dr. FOLLEN in regard to the Anti-Slavery movement. It has seemed to us the basest sacrilege when unhallowed hands have been laid upon that great and noble example, and the attempt made to wrest its benefits from posterity for the sake of evading the exposure and the condemnation that the Unitarians of our cities are compelled to undergo when looked at by so clear and beautiful a light. Read Mrs. Follen's letter, in another column.—c.

C. M. CLAY.—I see by a letter to the New-York Tribune, that Mr. Clay has pledged himself to give or receive no more challenges. His numerous friends at the North will rejoice at this advancing step. It is in accordance with his straightforward and manly character. His mind is always open to the light, and once admitted, he follows it fearlessly whithersoever it may lead. It is of such stuff that a true Abolitionist is made, and Cassius M. Clay, if I do not much mistake the man, will always be found in the very front rank of the advanced guard.

JAMES G. BIRNEY has been nominated by the Liberty party of Michigan as their candidate for Governor. This will make his fall easy from the high dignity of a third party Presidential candidate, from which he is doomed to tumble.

This Week's Paper.

FOURTH PAGE.—*Poetry:* The Unseen River. *Miscellany:* Marie, or Slavery in the United States, (*continued.*) Another Mammoth Cave. Thomas Miller, the Basket-Making Poet. Interesting case of Legitimacy—Accusation against a Southern Lady.

FIRST PAGE.—*Pro-Slavery:* Governor Hammond's Letter—(*continued.*) *Selections:* Sally Miller. Speech of George Thompson, (*concluded.*) Foreign and Domestic Slave-Trade.

SECOND PAGE.—*Selections:* The Late Charles Follen. Extracts from the League, and from the Washington Constitution. *Communications:* Letter from Thomas Earle. Letter from Mr. Abdy.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

General Items.

Arrest of Abolitionists.—The Parkersburg (Va.) Gazette of the 12th instant, gives the following:

Information was recently received that the slaves of John H. Harwood, living at Washington, about twelve miles below this place, would attempt an escape on the night of Wednesday, six persons of that neighborhood crossed the river after dark, and concealed themselves on the Ohio side. At about 2 o'clock, on the morning of Thursday, six of Mr. Harwood's negroes came across, and were received by a party of whites, at least seven in number; and while the latter were engaged in assisting the former and their baggage from the canoe, the concealed Virginians made a descent upon them, and after a severe struggle, succeeded in capturing and securing five of the blacks and three of the whites. The latter were brought to this place and committed to prison. As the offence of which these men are accused is a felony under our laws, an examining court has been summoned for Friday next, 18th instant.

The Cincinnati Gazette, in allusion to this affair, says: The excitement is very great on both sides. In Virginia, half the inhabitants of Parkersburg are armed, and prepared to repel any attempt to release the prisoners. In Washington county, in this State, meetings have been held in four townships, (and several others are to meet,) with the object, mainly, to ensure a fair trial to the Ohioans, though in two of them threats have been made to sure lawlessness by a violation of law—in other words, to tear down Parkersburg jail, and so give freedom to their townsmen.

The cause of this excitement all will understand. We have nothing to say in defence of any man, or set of men, who will entice slaves away. If caught, let the law take its course. But we have something to say against our citizens being seized on their own soil, and without process of law, by people of another State, to be tried before the tribunals of that State. They may be wrong every way; bad at heart and bad in conduct; but they should not be troubled if Ohio has the means or the power to protect them.

We wish our friends in Ohio to be firm, but cool. Mahan was seized on the same grounds, and in the same way nearly; but a Kentucky Court and Jury acquitted him without a moment's hesitation. The appeal in this case is to the law. Let it be fairly met, and we do not believe the result doubtful.

The New Jersey Slave Case—The decision of the Supreme Court of New Jersey in the important slave case lately argued by Alvan Stewart for the petitioner, was pronounced by Judge Nevins, Judges Carpenter and Randolph concurring. Chief Justice Hornblower dissented, and Judge Whitehead, not having heard the argument, gave no opinion. The decision is as follows:

"1st. That the relation of master and slave existed by law at the adoption of the Constitution in 1844.

"2d. That that Constitution has not destroyed that relation or abolished slavery.

"3d. That the colored man, William, should be remanded to the custody of the defendant."

The Gradual Emancipation Act of 1820 permitted all who were born slaves prior to 1800 to be held so perpetually; while all others became free at specified periods. There are still 674 slaves in New Jersey, and perhaps 3,000 children of slaves who are held subject to their masters, the men till 25, the women till 21 years of age.

Discovery of Guano at Lawrence Island, New South Wales.—The following is the substance of a despatch just received from the Governor of South Australia:—"A considerable deposit of guano has been discovered upon Lawrence Island, lying in 38 deg. 23 min. S. lat. and 141 deg. 35 min. E. lon. immediately off Cape Nelson, and within the territory of New South Wales. The deposit is represented as being less rich than that of South America, but accounted for from the sample having been taken from the surface."

Suffolk Association and Mr. Fairchild.—We understand that the vote of the Suffolk Association in regard to Mr. Fairchild, was a vote of expulsion, from the association. Since his acquittal by the jury, the Woburn Association have passed a vote to the effect, that in their opinion, the Suffolk Association ought to rescind their vote of expulsion. This vote of the Woburn was communicated to the Suffolk at Dedham, and was at once laid on the table. Consequently, the vote of expulsion still remains in force. —*Boston Chronicle.*

During the last half-year, no less than sixteen criminals have been executed in England. Calcraft, the hangman of Newgate, strangled thirteen out of the number, for which he was paid ot the rate of £10 per head! As the sharpers drink "Success to Swindling," will not this Calcraft make his daily toast "Success to Hanging?"

☞ Rev. Henry Ware, of Cambridge, (Mass.) died at that place on Saturday last. He was in the eighty-first year of his age. Dr. Ware was a gentleman of high character and abilities, greatly respected by all who knew him. He was the father of William and Henry Ware, who have attained some celebrity in the literary world by various publications.

Meeting of Slaveholders.—At Port Tobasco, Charles County, (Md.) a large meeting of citizens was held on Friday last, to consider what measures were most likely to put a stop to the elopement of their slaves, the recent gang arrested in Montgomery County, being owned in that vicinity. A preamble and series of resolutions were adopted, recommending the appointment of an additional police, and the watchful care of their masters. Votes of thanks were tendered to the citizens of Rockville for their promptness and energy, and all free negroes were notified that their presence would not be tolerated within the limits of the county after the first of December next—the meeting pledging itself to purchase all their property at fair prices. Ministers of the Gospel are hereafter positively prohibited from holding night meetings, for the attendance of slaves, who are not to be allowed to leave their quarters after dark, on any account, without a pass from their masters. Religious instruction during the day is not prohibited, provided one or more of their masters should be present; and the employment of free negroes at the fishing landings hereafter will not be allowed. Funds were raised to secure the enforcement of these resolves, and the meeting empowered the president to call them together again at any time that he may deem such a course necessary. A committee was also appointed to endeavor to procure from the Legislature additional legislation for the protection of their property and civil rights.

Slavery in Kentucky.—A friend has placed in our hands a letter from a clergyman in Kentucky, from which we are permitted to make the following extract:

"On the second Sabbath in July I am to preach by request of the people a sermon on Slavery, showing what I believe to be the Bible doctrine. I lately heard a minister of the Gospel tell the people near here that the Bible *sustains* American Slavery, and that he could prove it at any time; alledging that the Bible nowhere condemns Slavery, and denouncing the North as a hot-bed of fanaticism. He is from old Virginia. I announced to the people that, by previous appointment, and by solicitation on the part of my congregation, I should endeavor to show the contrary—that the Bible condems Slavery. This is now the *great* question in Kentucky. Many events in Church and State conspire to make it such; and soon the question, or parties in Church and State, will be pro and anti-slavery. And judgment will have to commence at the house of God. Perilous times are near, and we need men of pure and brave hearts—men who will stand upon principle, live upon little, and fight oppression in its most horrid form; for such I view American Slavery. I have been cradled in its lap, and know what it is. The ensuing six months will be a crisis with our little church; whether it shall in this land of bondage, stand upon the principles of Righteousness and Mercy, or sink beneath the tide of opposition.

"A minister who is the owner of some slaves, and who visits a small body of —— in this county, tells his people from the pulpit that he could stamp an Abolitionist into the earth."

Remedy against Hydrophobia.—The Glasgow Argus mentions a remedy for the bite of rabid animals applied by Dr. David Burnes, (brother of the traveler, Sir Alexander,) in the case of two ladies in that city. They were in the parlor of a hotel, when a large dog entered, bit them both severely, and run off. Dr. Burnes was in the hotel, having been on a tour in the Highlands with Lord and Lady Hanmure. Dr. Burnes, on learning the nature of the accident, instantly cauterized, cupped and excised the wounds; and had also recourse to the singular method of making the patients suck their wounds. This course the doctor recommended ten years ago in the *Lancet*; and he says that no danger whatever is to be feared from it, if the mouth and lips are free from sores or chaps."

NOTICES.

NOTICE.

The friends of freedom, in the city and county of New York, are most respectfully invited to unite in celebrating British West India Emancipation, on Friday evening, August 1st, at 8 o'clock, in *Croton Hall*, corner of Bowery and Division streets, Chatham Square, without distinction of sex, color, or party. In behalf of the Committee of Arrangements,

THOS. VANRENSSELAER.

PIC-NICS FOR THE FIRST OF AUGUST.

It is proposed that meetings be held in

Lynn,	Essex	County,
Lowell,	Middlesex	"
Waltham,	"	"
Dedham,	Norfolk	"
Duxbury,	Plymouth	"
Fall River,	Bristol	"
Leicester,	Worcester	"
Westminster,	"	"
Springfield,	Hampden	"

Processions, with banners and music, should be formed to march from the places above named to the places of meeting, and where it is practicable, music should be provided to vary the exercises, and give opportunity for an occasional change of position. And it is particularly requested that our friends in each town in the county will *immediately* meet together and appoint marshals, to correspond and co-operate with the chief marshals, (who will be named in next week's Liberator,) in making the needful preparations.

A vigorous circulation of the ANTI-SLAVERY PEACE PLEDGE and of the DISUNION PLEDGE before the first of August, will form an excellent preparation for these meetings, and we shall hope to have a large accession of signatures at the meetings themselves. Those pledges are as follows: (See 3d page.)

CHARLES K. WHIPPLE,
General Agent.

FIRST OF AUGUST IN NORFOLK COUNTY.

The Abolitionists of Norfolk county are hereby informed that, in compliance with the request of the General Agent of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, the Board of Managers of the Norfolk County Anti-Slavery Society have selected DEDHAM as the most suitable place for the celebration of the great event of West Indian Emancipation. The members and friends of this Society, and the Massachusetts Society and its auxiliaries, and the public in general, are cordially invited to assemble at the Town Hall, in Dedham, on FRIDAY, THE FIRST DAY OF AUGUST NEXT, at NINE o'clock, A. M. Whence they will march in procession to the Grove, where the celebration will be held. William P. Atkinson, of West Roxbury, as Chief Marshal, will have the general direction of the arrangements of the day. It is confidently hoped that the several towns in the county will send up even larger delegations than on any former occasion. Besides the topics immediately connected with the illustrious anniversary itself, our own new dangers and duties arising from the annexation of Texas and the prospect of a pro-slavery war, will be considered and discussed. Let the whole anti-slavery strength of the county be present to express their deep sense of the importance of the events that now impend to the fate of our enslaved countrymen, to our own hopes, and to those of the race.

As to the details of the occasion, the Board entirely agree in opinion with the suggestion of the General Agent, that "the convenience of all parties will be best promoted by making this celebration in reality a PIC-NIC; that is, by having no tables set and no general contribution of provision; but letting each individual or party carry their own provision, and at the proper time eat it on the grass, in such plan and manner as they please." They think that the experience of past years proves that it is impossible to distribute provisions to a large multitude, justly and satisfactorily, on the plan formerly adopted; and that a great expense of labor, time, and money may be saved by the simplicity of the proposed arrangement: while at the same time, the picturesque effect of the scene will be enhanced by its adoption. The friends, therefore, who may resort to this celebration, will please to remember that they must furnish themselves with all utensils, drinking vessels, &c. as well as provisions, which they may require for their own use. *Nothing but cold water will be furnished on the ground.* When the meeting adjourns for refreshment, the company will naturally fall into groups, according to their affinities, and partake of such stores as they have provided for themselves.

A programme of the order of procession and of the services of the day, will be furnished hereafter by the Chief Marshal. Let there be a generous emulation between the different towns of the county to see which will send the largest delegation. Let all do their best to make it a proud day in the anti-slavery annals of the land!

EDMUND QUINCY, President.
INCREASE S. SMITH, } Secretaries.
ANNE WARREN WESTON, }

PIC-NIC IN DUXBURY.

The members and friends of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, and the public generally in Plymouth county, will celebrate the anniversary of Emancipation in the British West Indies, by a Pic-Nic in Duxbury.

The friends will assemble at the Town Hall, where a procession will be formed at precisely 10 o'clock, under the direction of Edward Y. Perry, Chief Marshal, and will proceed to a beautiful grove, where addresses will be delivered by distinguished friends of the cause.

The exercises will be enlivened by singing from a select choir, and an opportunity will be given for partaking of refreshment, and for recreation.

It is contemplated that each individual or social party shall provide their own refreshments, on the original plan of pic-nics. Pure and cold water will be plentifully supplied.

The friends in the different towns in the county are desired to meet and select assistants to co-operate with the Chief Marshal, and make arrangements for securing large delegations from their respective towns.

ELMA HEWITT, President.
H. H. BRIGHAM, Secretary.

FIRST OF AUGUST.

The colored citizens of Boston and their friends will celebrate the anniversary of West Indian Emancipation at the Tremont Temple, by addresses and singing by the juvenile choir. In the evening, a Soirée will be held at the Chapel, under the Boston Museum, at 7 o'clock. We invite the friends of humanity to participate with us on these occasions. Further notice will be given in due time.

Per order of the Committee of Arrangements,
ROBERT WOOD, Secretary.

Boston, July 1.

CELEBRATION OF THE FIRST OF AUGUST AT FALL RIVER.—PIC-NIC AND CLAM-BAKE.

The friends of Freedom are invited to meet at Rodman's Grove, in Fall River, at 10 o'clock, A. M. to commemorate the emancipation of the slaves in the British West India Islands. At 1 o'clock, opportunity will be given to partake of any lunch which the friends may have brought with them, and at 4 o'clock, there will be given one of the celebrated Indian festivals, called a clam-bake. In the evening, addresses will be given at the Berean Temple, at which all persons interested in the cause of Human Freedom are invited to be present. The speakers for day and evening will be announced in a future paper.

EASTERN PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The members and friends of this Society are notified that its ninth annual meeting will be held on Monday, the 11th of August, at Old Kennett meeting house, in Chester county.

It is expected that this meeting will be one of deep interest, both to the friends and the opponents of the Anti-Slavery cause. To the former, especially such as are embraced in the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society, it will be particularly interesting, from the questions that will be brought before it for discussion and settlement. It is well known to all that there are certain questions, vital to the existence of the Society and the interests of the cause, on which the Abolitionists of Eastern Pennsylvania have for sometime been divided; these it is intended to submit to the meeting, for a full and fair discussion and a definitive decision: so that hereafter without distraction or internal division, the Society may devote its whole energies to the direct promotion of the common cause.

The debates to which these questions will necessarily give rise, will not only interest the members of the Society, but, by the facts and arguments bearing upon the general subject which they will naturally elicit, will, we trust, be the means of converting to our principles many who now stand entirely aloof from the Anti-Slavery enterprise. Other questions, besides, of common interest to all, will receive a due share of the Society's attention; particularly that relating to the propriety of Abolitionists continuing in fellowship with the existing pro-slavery and popular religious organizations of the day.

In addition to a general attendance of the best speakers we have in Pennsylvania, others from abroad—among whom may be mentioned Wm. Lloyd Garrison and Wendell Phillips—will be present to take part with us in our proceedings.

A cordial invitation to attend the meeting is hereby given, not only to the members and friends of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society, but to the *public generally.*

By order of the Executive Committee.

E. M. DAVIS, Chairman.
HAWORTH WETHERALD, Secretary.

THE COVENANTER.

It is proposed to publish a monthly Periodical, thirty-two pages octavo, with the above title, in the city of Philadelphia, the first number to be issued on the first of August, 1845.

The general object of this Magazine shall be to disseminate the doctrines of the testimony of the Reformed Presbyterian Church. Its pages shall be devoted chiefly to the following points:

1. The mediatorial authority of Christ over the nations of the earth, and the immoral character of the Constitution of the United States.
2. The evils and dangers of Popery, in its religious and political aspects.
3. The divine right of Presbyterian Church government, in all its parts.
4. The sin and danger of Slavery, and the duty and safety of immediate emancipation.
5. The duty of total abstinence from intoxicating drinks as a beverage, and the immorality of the traffic in this article.
6. The immoral tendency of the study of pagan literature in the colleges and universities, and the necessity of a reformation in the course of literary studies.
7. The imperative duty of Christians to support Domestic and Foreign Missions.

The following individuals, among others, have agreed to contribute to its pages, and their names will be a sufficient guarantee to the members of the Church and others, that the publication will be worthy of their support.

Rev. Messrs. Robert Wallace, James Milligan, James R. Willson, D. D. William Sloan, Samuel M. Willson, Wm. L. Roberts, J. B. Johnston, James M. Willson, Andrew Stevenson, James Wallace, Hugh Stevenson, J. J. McClurkan, James Beattie.

TERMS.

The Covenanter will be published monthly at one dollar per annum, if paid in advance, or before the publication of the fourth number; *one dollar and twenty-five cents*, if paid after the publication of the fourth number, before the termination of the year; and one dollar and fifty cents, if not paid till the expiration of the year. These terms are exceedingly low, and will be invariably adhered to.

Single numbers, twelve and a half cents.

D. SMITH.

TO THE ABOLITIONISTS OF EASTERN PENNSYLVANIA.

Are you ready, dear friends, to commence with us preparations for the Pennsylvania Fair of 1845? Warm hearts and active hands we would enlist, at this early period, that no time may be lost which might be profitably spent in this service. Information respecting what is to be done, it can scarcely be necessary to offer to those who, year by year, have been laboring side by side with us in this department of Anti-Slavery toil, and whose skill and ingenuity have been again and again proved. We want whatever liberal souls will devise, and ready hands execute. The Committee commence their efforts this year with the hope of making the Fair superior to those of preceding years, but this hope cannot, of course, be realized, without your diligent and hearty co-operation. On this we rely. Need we urge upon you motives to action? The slave has found no respite from his sufferings shall we seek respite from our labors in his behalf? Trust ing that you are as ready for this work as ourselves, we suggest that you should immediately begin to inquire what you can give or do for this purpose, and how you can best enlist the services of your friends and neighbors. Will some active friends of the cause take measures for forming sewing circles in their neighborhoods, where articles may be manufactured, donations deposited, and interest excited for the Fair? From such a measure, much benefit, beside pecuniary emolument, results to the Anti-Slavery cause. Will not the friends of the cause in Chester, Bucks, and other counties, adopt this plan, and furnish tables, to be superintended by themselves at the Fair? And will not those who cannot conveniently unite with these circles, be diligent and faithful in individual effort? Of all the friends of the slave in city and country, we ask aid. Of the merchant, we ask contributions of merchandise, of the mechanic, the fruit of his handiwork; of the farmer, the produce of his garden, fields, and poultry-yard. But we ask of all *only* the products of *free* and *requited* labor.

Let us, dear friends, commence our efforts with a determination that our next Fair shall yield great and good results to our cause, and *it will do so.*

Contributions may be sent to any member of the Committee, or to J. M. McKim, No. 31 North Fifth street, Philadelphia.

Emma Parker,	*Anna M. Hopper,*
Mary Grew,	*Maria M. Davis,*
Sarah M. McKim,	*Sarah Pugh,*
Hester Reckless,	*Martha Carman,*
Lydia Gillingham,	*Sarah Douglass,*
Gertrude K. Burleigh,	*Sarah Lewis,*
Elizabeth J. Neall,	*Margaret Jones,*
Olive Bacon,	*Emily A. Winslow,*
Hannah L. Stickney,	*Margaret Griscom,*
Mary T. Stickney.	*Teresa K. Hallowell,*

BARGAIN EXTRAORDINARY!

THE "*Amity Mill*" property, near Salem, Columbiana county, Ohio, is now, owing to *an absolute necessity*, on the part of the owners, *to make sale*, offered *at more than fifty per cent. below its cash value.* The property consists of an *excellent farm* of one hundred and sixty acres, with good buildings. One hundred and twenty acres of the land, cleared and in a good state of cultivation. The mill is one of considerable note, and its flour is in good repute at the East. This building is nearly new, and is not surpassed in execution and convenience by any flouring mill in the State. It is five stories high, has three run of Burrs, two of these have ground and manufactured in twenty-four hours, *one hundred barrels of flour.* The water-wheel is secured from all obstacles by ice. Space will not admit of a full description of the building. Its conveniences of conveying wheat from one story to another, its various apartments, the completeness of its machinery, &c. &c. must be seen to be understood, or their value appreciated. The supply of water is ample, except at times of the greatest drought. The building alone, cost at least, *ten thousand* dollars. Adjacent to the mill are, an *oil mill*, thirty feet by thirty-four feet, four stories; a good dwelling, twenty-two feet by thirty-two feet, two stories, with cellar. Also, a store-house, eighteen feet by twenty-four feet, two stories, with cellar. Also, a warehouse, fifteen feet by fifty feet. Also, a cooper-shop, sixteen feet by one hundred and six feet.

The property lies in one of the best wheat growing regions in Ohio, and but three miles from Salem, a very thriving town, of twenty stores, and a population of one thousand two hundred, but without water-power.

This property cost $20,000, and is now offered at the low sum of $8,500—$3,000 only required in hand.

For further particulars, inquire of

B. B. DAVIS, Agent.

Salem, 6th mo. 5th, 1845.—2m.

THE CHAMPION OF FREEDOM.

A monthly sheet, devoted to the *Free Produce* enterprise, and Industrial Association, is again to be resumed, at the following reduced terms. Three copies, (of twelve each,) $1, seven for $2, twelve for $3, and twenty-three for $5. To those wishing to purchase by the quantity, for gratuitous distribution, it is offered at $2 per hundred, or 25 cts. per dozen.

It should be borne in mind, that *this periodical is the first*, and (as yet) *the only one in the world whose main feature* is the *application of the abstinence principle to the product of slave labor.*

LORENZO MABBETT.

SODUS DOMAIN, New Alton, Wayne co, N. Y. Alton P. O. ☞ Anti-Slavery papers please copy.

NEW-YORK WHOLESALE PRICES CURRENT.

CORRECTED WEEKLY FOR THE STANDARD.

ASHES.		**IRON.**	
Pot, first sort 1844.	3.81½ a 3.	Pig, Eng. & Sc. ton	35.00 a 36 00
Pearl	4.06½ a .	do. American	35.00 a 37.50
CANDLES.		Bar do. rolled	86.00 a 87.50
Mould, tallow lb.	9 a 11	do. Russia P.,S.,I.	102.50 a 105.00
Sperm	27 a 29	do. do. N. Sable	a
Stearic do.	20 a 24	do. Swedes	85 00 a .
COAL.		do. Eng. com.	75 00 a .
Liverpool, chaldron,	8 62½ a .	do. do. refined	85.00 a 87 50
Newcastle	7.50 a 8.00	Sheet E. & Am. lb.	7 a 7¼
Scotch	7.00 a 8.00	Hoop do. do. cwt.	5.50 a 6.50
Sidney and Pictou	6.25 a 6 50	**LEAD.**	
Anthracite, 2,000lbs.	4.50 a 5 50	Pig, 100 lbs.	3.62½ a .50
COFFEE.		Bar, lb.	4 a 4¼
Java, Gov't per lb.	9 a 10	Sheet	4½ a
Sumatra	6¾ a 7	**LEATHER.**	
Porto Rico	6¾ a 8	Oak lb. (sole.)	19 a 24
Laguayra	6¾ a 7½	Hemlock, light	15 a 16
Cuba	6 a 7	do. middle	15 a 16
Brazil	6½ a 7½	do. heavy,	14 a 15
St. Domingo	5½ a 6	do. damaged	11½ a 13
COTTON.		**LUMBER.**	
New Orleans	6¼ a 10	Boards, N. R.	30.00 a 35.00
Alabama	6¼ a 10	M. R.	
Florida	6 a 8	do. east pine	10 00 a 11.00
Upland	6 a 8	do. Albany, piece	7 a .17
Upland, fair	7¼ a 7¾	Plank Ga. pine, M. ft.	22.00a 30.00
Upland, good and fair	8¼ a 8¾	Scantling pine	14.00 a 16.00
DOMESTICS.		do. oak	30.00 a 35.00
Shirtings, brown 3-4	5 a 6¼	Timber oak, cu. ft.	.25 a .37
do. do. 7-8	6 a 7	do. Ga. yel. pine	.35 a .40
do. ble

Poetry.

From the Broadway Journal.

THE UNSEEN RIVER.

BY HENRY B. HIRST.

Through a valley, green and golden,
In the purple time and olden,
When the East was growing gray;
When the mists were starward creeping—
Weeping—being woke from sleeping
By the anthems of the day:
While, like vapor o'er a city, fluctuating still they lay,

Walking through their shrouding shadows,
Over daisy-dimpled meadows,
Moved a proud and princely youth,
With a footfall light and airy
As the sylphid step of fairy,
And a forehead stamped with truth:
An Apollo! incarnating lofty scorn and living ruth.

From the valley—from a river,
Which, with many a silver quiver,
Through the landscape stole in light—
From the bushes, shrubs, and blossoms,
Flowers unfolding fragrant bosoms,
Curled the shadows out of sight;
Fading, like a ghost, in air. And ever the river rippled bright.

Fruits of crimson—purple—azure—
Thrilled his poet soul with pleasure,
Which from all new glory won;
While around him birds were chanting—
Birds that fairy valley haunting,
Such as Mother Earth had none:
And, like gems, their pinions glistened, glancing in the aspiring sun.

In a sweet excitement swimming,
All his soul with beauty brimming,
While the morning grew to noon;
In that glorious valley, listening
To the music—by the glistening
River—sung with lulling tune,
While his heart throbbed echo 'neath Lethean languor born of June;

Carelessly the youth went straying
Like a merry child a-Maying,
And the river rippled on.
While now that a thirst pursued him,
And the noontide heat subdued him,
And he felt him weak and wan,
Thinking of the stream, he turned him, fevered; but the stream was gone!

Searching for it on he wandered
Hour by hour, and sadly pondered
As to where its waves might be:
And the valley slowly faded
To a primal forest, shaded
By full many a mossy tree.
Still he could not see the stream meandering through the meadowy lea.

But the murmur of the river,
Rippling, running, plashing ever,
Floated on his yearning ear;
Still before he heard it flowing—
Heard it kiss the rocks while going,
Seeming, as he heard it, hear;
Whispering nearer, flowing onward, gurgling every instant hear.

More luxuriant, greener, brighter,
Glossier, loftier, and lighter
Grew the foliage where it seemed:
And the woodland birds sang clearer,
And the waters near and nearer
Murmured, till he thought they gleamed;
And, between the emerald leaves, he dreamed the silver wavelets beamed.

Through the trees, among the bushes,
Looking for the river rushes,
Onward, onward still he went,
Listening to the water's plashing—
Listening to the eddies dashing
In their crystal merriment:
But he found it not, though stooping—gazing till his form grew bent.

All around grew dark and dreary,
And our wanderer, very weary,
Tottered feebly, full of pain,
From the forest, with his figure
Robbed of all its youthful vigor;
And the sun was on the wane—
And Night's swarthy, solemn shadow slowly gathered round the plain.

And, among those shades lamenting,
Urged by old Time, unrelenting,
Where was never else but gloom—
From the sight the wanderer faded,
By chaotic blackness shaded,
While the silence of the tomb
Wrapped him, shroud-like; and that silence was the requiem of his doom.

HOPE.—BY RICHARD PENN SMITH.

Hope in the young heart springeth,
As flowers in the infant year;
Hope in the young heart singeth,
As birds when the flowers appear.

Hope in the old heart dieth,
As wither those early flowers;
Hope from the old heart flieth,
As the birds from wintry bowers.

But spring will revive the flowers;
And the birds return to sing;
And Death will renew Hope's power
In the old heart withering.

Miscellany.

MARIE;
OR
Slavery in the United States.

(Translated for the Standard.)

CHAPTER III.

Ludovic, or the Departure from Europe.

The words of Ludovic produced a deep impression on the mind of the traveller. The abode of this man of cities in the bosom of profound solitude,—the contrast of his polished manners with his savage mode of life,—his youthful brow loaded with care,—his conversation, interrupted by mysterious tears and smiles, and made up of a mixture of trifling and of seriousness,—of long reflections, of which notwithstanding, as much was suppressed as was uttered; all these circumstances, after having defied the conjectures and piqued the curiosity of the traveller, began to awaken in his mind a real interest. He at first was only anxious, however, to demonstrate the wisdom of his projects.

"You have just shown me," he replied to Ludovic, "a corner of the picture. I admit with you, that it is not all bright: but still it remains true, that America possesses the essential elements of happiness. There are two things of inestimable value in the United States, which are not to be found elsewhere: a state of society new, though civilized, and fresh, unsullied nature. From these two fruitful sources flow a multitude of material advantages and moral enjoyments. I must, moreover, declare that the portrait you have just presented to me, however it may in general be true, does not seem to me to resemble *all* American women. I have seen those, whose ardent souls were painted in their expressive faces. This country contains various races—those that have been warmed by the sun of the tropics, as well as those who have been chilled by the frosts of the poles."

At these words the features of Ludovic were contracted, as with sudden pain. He testified an emotion that the traveller could not understand.

"I believe," he continued, "that in judging of the United States, we bring a different state of mind to the subject. I judge this country with seriousness—you with levity. You are struck with what is laughable, and lacking in elegance in this state of society, and you laugh at it; while I—"

"Stop!" cried Ludovic with severity; "you mistake my character, and your error is more cruel than you think for. No! there is nothing gay, nothing of levity in my heart. My lips may smile, but how long since my heart has known joy! You think that I have quitted the society of men, either because I do not understand them, or because I hate them.—You take me for a madman or a fool; but you are mistaken. My mind does not wander, and it is not because I hate my fellow-creatures, that I choose to drag on my miserable life at a distance from them. Many a gulf have I crossed to reach the point where you find me. Ah, how desirable it is that you should better understand my fate; for the rocks in the voyage of my life, are the same on which I see your vessel about to be wrecked. Your illusions were once mine. They have been my ruin, and are about to cause yours. It is a great error, to think that happiness is to be found out of the common paths. This agitation of soul, which clouds with care the spot it lights upon,—this uneasiness of mind which has exiled you from your native land,—this longing for new and lively emotions,—all this is within you, and is peculiar to no country. Change of place is by no means a change of mind. I have listened to your admiration for America, her institutions, her manners, her forests, and her wilds: I know more than you think for, of the subjects of your enthusiasm. If I should tell you the history of my past, it would be that of your future."

Ludovic said this with uncommon warmth, yet the energy of his words did but imperfectly convey the depth of his convictions.

A reaction instantly took place in the mind of the traveller; and finding that there was something serious, incomprehensible, and affecting in the position of the solitary, he continued with much feeling,—"Pardon me if I have underrated your misfortunes; and explain to me the secret of this suffering which presents itself to my notice under the garb of an enviable lot? What strange fatality keeps you at a distance from society, which you love, and retains you in solitude though you love it not? Alas! have I come from France but to find a fellow-countryman so wretched! Pour your sorrows into my heart, I entreat you; and may the interest with which you inspire it, afford to your own soul some little consolation!"

The solitary paused for a few moments; but at length, raising his head which he had bent down in thought, he replied:

"Well! I will give you the history of my life. I know how indifferent men are to the sufferings of others, and I am accustomed to doing without their compassion. It is not, therefore, your pity that I wish to gain by the recital; it is a duty that I would fulfil. The idea of duty alone, is strong enough upon my soul to compel me to arouse the sad remembrances that I had resolved to bury in oblivion. I am like the rash traveller who has fallen from the mountain-top, to the depth of the precipice. He has lost all hope of being saved; still, casting a last look towards the summit, he utters a warning cry to the imprudent beings whom he sees approaching the edge of the abyss."

The remainder of the day Ludovic seemed absorbed in deep thought. It was easy to gather from the shadows which from time to time passed over his face, that in reviewing the events of his past life, he was suffering from the recollection of great calamity.

The next day, while the morning cast its roseate tints on the highest forest-tops, Ludovic and his guest left the cottage. They bent their steps towards a lofty rock, which commanded the lake.—From this height gushed a rivulet, scattering its misty silver as it fell. This tranquil lake, these silent woods, this light spray falling soundless as if to spare the stillness of the solitude,—all wrought a preparation for deep feeling in the soul.

The solitary and the traveller having seated themselves at the foot of an ancient cedar, Ludovic thus related the story of his life.

HISTORY OF LUDOVIC.

The great revolutions which perplex the nations, often awaken in certain minds a deep-seated source of agitation which remains long after the surface of society has become tranquil, and peace has been restored to the bosom of the masses. At the time that I was born, a social order which counted fifteen centuries of existence, had just tottered to its fall. Never had so great a ruin been witnessed by any people; and never had the opportunity for so grand a reconstruction, provoked the genius of man. A new world rose upon the ruins of the old. Mind was restless—passion was intense—intellect was in travail. All Europe changed its aspect. Opinions, customs, laws, were borne onward in a whirlwind so swift, that one could with difficulty distinguish the new from the old. The origin of sovereignty had been removed—the principles of government were changed—men had created new sciences, and invented a new art of war. Individuals were not less extraordinary than events. The greatest nations chose children for their leaders, while old men were considered unfit for office. Inexperienced soldiers triumphed over veteran bands; Generals who had just left school, overturned powerful empires; the reign of the people had been solemnly announced; and never had individual minds shone so strong and so glorious. Each one rushed upon the arena that fate seemed to have opened to all.

I was a child when these events took place. The spectacle of grief and grandeur, of ruin and reconstruction, was the first that struck my childish gaze. Exclamations of surprise, cries of admiration, the clang of bells announcing victories, were the first sounds that reached my ear.

I dwelt afar from cities, and grew up under the paternal roof in the bosom of the tenderest affection. The tumult that reigned in Europe was heard afar off, in this peaceful asylum of true happiness and virtue, where life flowed away in gentle uniformity. From time to time a newspaper, a friendly letter, or a stray soldier reached our domestic hearth, to cast a gleam of intelligence over our horizon, and to let us know that thrones were beaten down or builded up. Whenever these infrequent sounds reached us, they plunged me into long, astonished reveries. They taught me that life, so monotonous with us, was full of brilliant change elsewhere. Then I dreamed of glory, power, and greatness. The tranquillity of our existence seemed an accident in the midst of universal movement.

Gradually an ideal world grew into life in my soul, born of my illusions and my impatient desires: a gigantic creation, that the real world, however grand and extraordinary it then was, could not equal. Had I been placed near the scene of action, I should, perchance, have seen the shadows as well as the lights. Beholding the men who swayed nations, in action before me, I might have been less dazzled by the greatness which would then have shown its mixture of litleness. I should have perceived the baseness that surrounds power, and marked the spots upon the sun of glory.

But my loneliness rendered every illusion more seductive, and intoxicated my imagination still more, by the distance at which it showed me the movements of the world. Thus I saw nothing on the vast theatre where nations were the actors, but what disgusted me with the little corner of the earth where I dwelt.

When I awoke, from the transport of this distant vision, to the calm reality of our retreat; when, after having felt the swell of great thought in my soul, I returned to the peaceful interests of our fields, I experienced an insurmountable ennui, and felt an unconquerable repugnance to the quiet happiness I witnessed. Not that I was insensible to the touching spectacle of order and morality which our family interior presented. I was often touched by the goodness that dwelt constantly in my sight; for never were the unfortunate repulsed from our abode, and the poor never left us but with blessings. But I felt every day that something more than this was necessary to me. I took the virtues of my father, and the grandeur of the world, and by mingling the two, I compounded a delicious and intoxicating whole. Very soon they became so intimately connected in my mind that I could not separate them. I would not have chosen glory without virtue, but virtue without glory, seemed dull.

At length the gates of life opened to me, and I rushed into the arena.

Already everything was changed. Peace reigned in Europe, but it was not the peace of good attained;—it was but the immobility which succeeds violent convulsion. The people were not happy:—they were worn out, and were seeking rest. Vast ambition, impetuous desire, and somewhat of noble enthusiasm still agitated the surface of society, but all these were aimless: all had diminished, both things and men. Here were instrumentalities made for giants, and manned by pigmies; strength used by the feeble; and glory sought by mediocrity. The period of disorder had succeeded to the age of revolution; interest to passion; vice to crime; skill to genius; words to deeds. I found a state of society, where all was continually changing, though nothing seemed to move; a sort of regular chaos; an epoch of no determined character, placed between the glory that had just expired and the liberty as yet unborn. Men no longer attained power at a single bound, as in my infant days, nor did they move towards it progressively, as in preceding centuries; but there existed now, a government of laws, which, after having resisted talents, yielded without effort to intrigue.

I had approached this new theatre, filled with grand thoughts and vast desires. A glance sufficed to show me how little I was fitted for it.

My passions were profound and pure; but within the last thirty years, a thousand others had feigned to feel the like, or cozened the true-hearted, till men no longer believed in the sincerity of great aspirations; and everybody dreaded them. After having so long cherished my boundless hopes, and become intoxicated with them in my solitude, I found myself almost obliged to hide them from public view.

I had projects of political reform; but men had just then a horror of innovation.

In like manner, as restless individuals were troubled by the remembrances of glory, was the cold prudence of society frozen by the recollections of blood. It cherished its lethargy, seeing nothing but peril in awakening; and in any movement, a mortal crisis.

How was I to exercise any influence upon its course?

I sought to find some profession which might bring me into power; but I speedily discovered the vanity of such a plan. To follow with advantage what is called a career, one must make it the sole object of existence, and not the means of attaining a higher end. The exercise of a profession imposes a thousand trifling but indispensable details, to which no one led by a great thought will be able to submit. Impatience to succeed, is, of itself, sufficient to prevent success.

I cannot express the torture I underwent, when, full of vast thoughts, I was obliged to confine myself to the narrow limit of a single point. After having for so long looked at objects at large, it was a perpetual torment to be obliged to descend to the thousand little details, and to consider particular cases, instead of the great questions on which I had been thinking all my life. I made unheard-of efforts to generalize from facts: but then I forgot the facts in the generalization, and lost the application in the theory. I became unfit for my present condition. If, on the contrary, I succeeded in bending my mind to particular questions, I felt my intellect narrowing in proportion as I lost the habit of generalizing: and I was stopped, by the dread of becoming unfit for my future expectations. Filled with disgust and ennui, I withdrew from active life. I had, besides, begun to suspect that, in our day, an upright heart and fixed principles are obstacles to success.

The void that ensued cannot be described. At the moment when I thought my object attained, it fled before me. Still my passions remained, and left me no rest. I cast uneasy looks around me—I watched the scene, constantly hoping that it would change—but it offered me only the monotonous spectacle of small personages, small intrigues, and small results.

Suddenly came an unlooked-for event, to reanimate my fainting energy and sustain my imagination. It was in the year 1825: enslaved Greece murmured words of liberty: I felt them as the call of civilization to a conflict with barbarism.

Full of a holy enthusiasm, I hastened towards the land of Homer. Poetic impulses of the youthful soul! noble and impetuous as ye are! how mournful to think that ye shall meet only falsehood and deceit in your sublime advance! I sealed the cause of Liberty with my blood—I beheld the triumph of the Greeks—and I know not at this hour which are the most debased, the conquerors or the conquered. The Greeks are no longer enslaved by the Mussulmans; but, fated to servitude, the former have gained only the sad privilege of choosing their masters and their tyrants.

What more remained for me to do, in this land of memories and of tombs?—What more to say amid the ruins of Athens and of Lacedemon? Should I give voice to my despair?—the infernal genius of Byron had poured forth its celestial utterance: should I breathe the aspirations of religion?—a pious pilgrim had gone before me, and the world still listens with sacred emotion to the voice of his divine song.

Then, hopeless, careless, aimless, I took my random course. Nature offered two grand spectacles to my sight—the ocean and the mountains. Art, too, had her prodigy to show me; and she led me to St. Peters.

In presence of these magnificent creations, I felt sublime ecstacies. I know not why I have never been able to look upon the sea without melting into tears. Is there something in that image of immensity, which puts to shame the misery of man? This great scene of wreck and tempest, is it not the emblem of the rocks on which the soul is broken, and of the abyss where thought is lost?

The mountains produce a graver impression. Their lofty brows, looking to the heavens, give a religious impulse to the soul. They are as steps given to man by which to ascend towards God. Oh, how magnificent an altar for the Divinity were the Basiliæ of St. Peter, crowning the summit of Mont Blanc! My pilgrimage was short. Europe wearies the traveller, for it has been journeyed over for two thousand years.

In vain I visited the most picturesque situations, the wildest retreats, the most wonderful palaces: I was but stepping where thousands had trod before me—not a field which had not been trampled under foot; not a beauty of nature which had not been analyzed; not a master-piece of art which had not been admired. The traveller of the present day has nothing to do,—nothing to think. His opinions, like his feelings, are prescribed beforehand. Here he is to weep—there to be seized with enthusiasm. Thus he follows the footsteps of his predecessors, through a multitude of old impressions and bespoken emotions.

I met nothing among other European nations to detain me. They are quite as old, and still more corrupt, than our own.

On returning to France, I experienced my first anxieties. What should I do? where should I go? Return to my paternal home? I was less than ever fitted for its tranquil happiness, for the obstacles that gathered in my way, instead of disenchanting me, did but irritate my passions.

Must I live forever in a state of society where I was certain never to find the existence of which I had been dreaming!

Then the idea of going to America struck my mind. I knew but little of this country, but every day I heard the praises of the wisdom of its institutions, its love of liberty, the wonders of its industry, the grandeur of its prospects.

It was from the West, men said, that the light was henceforth to come, and then I thought as you do:—"There are two things in America which are not to be found elsewhere:—a new yet civilized society, and a virgin nature.

I looked upon this new project as a divine inspiration sent to the aid of my wretchedness.

How sweet was then the light that entered my soul, and discovered to me a world equal to my loveliest dreams! With what enthusiasm did I rush towards this hope for the future! I passed at once from dejection to energy, and felt within me the renewal of all the moral powers which is given by the unexpected return of an abandoned hope.

One month after, I was in Baltimore.

(To be continued.)

ANOTHER MAMMOTH CAVE.

A very remarkable cave, recently discovered in Missouri, is thus described by the Boonville (Mo.) Statesman. We fear the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky, will have to look out for its laurels. Neighbor Bullitt, of the Picayune, what have *you* to say in the premises?

A most extraordinary cave was recently discovered in Howard county, between Glasgow and Cooper's bottom. One of the farmers of the neighborhood, wanting rock to build, we believe, a chimney, went to an adjacent hill-side for the purpose of quarrying there. In striking the earth with a hoe, or some similar implement, a sound was emitted, plainly indicating that the hill-side was hollow beneath, and, proceeding to remove the dirt covering the surface, he discovered a wall built of stone, and built evidently by human hands. This wall he displaced, and it gave him entrance to the mouth of a cave, which, upon subsequent examination, he found a most extraordinary natural curiosity. The cave has been explored to the distance of three hundred yards. Twenty-five or thirty yards from the entrance is a sort of room, the sides of which, according to an account in the "Glasgow Pilot," present a most brilliant and wonderful appearance. The writer, who entered the cave with a lantern, says:

"I had not proceeded far before I entered the principal chamber that by a single light presented the most magnificent scene that I ever beheld. The ceiling of this most splendid cavern is some eighteen or twenty feet high, and of a hectagon form, the whole ceiling presenting a shining surface as though it was set with diamonds."

Very near the mouth, another writer says, there is a stone shaped like a horse, but not so large, being only about three feet high.

"The head, neck, and the body are entirely finished, and part of one hind leg, and all the rest is solid stone. The neck is made of three pieces, and stuck or fastened together something like cabinet makers put the corners of drawers together, (dovetailed,) the rest is all solid."

In another part of the cave the walls on one side are very smooth. On these walls numerous letters, figures, and hieroglyhics appear, most of which, however, are so defaced as to render them unintelligible. Nevertheless the figures 1, 2, 6, and 7, are quite plain. Just above these figures the letters D O N & C A R L O are legible. Further on, the letters J. H. S. appear on the wall. An arm of the main cavern has also been discovered, and has been explored some two hundred yards. A writer says:

"The walls and ceiling of this extraordinary cave are pretty much the same as in the other rooms. The walls have a peculiar and extraordinary brilliancy, occasioned, I discovered, from the fact that instead of stone, as we first believed, we found them to be of metal very much resembling sulphate of iron, but of a silvery appearance. We had not proceeded very far before we heard a rumbling noise that occasionally broke upon our ears in notes the most thrilling and melodious I ever heard. We stood for a considerable time in breathless silence to catch the most enchanting sound that ever greeted the ear of man, and it was only at an interval that we could summon courage to explore its source, which we did, and were much surprised to find it proceeded from a gushing spring in the side of the wall. The sounds we heard we found to be produced by the fall of water, and varied by the current of air before alluded to, which we then found to be very strong. We each took a hearty draught of the limpid water of this gushing spring, and, after surveying the diamond walls of the greatest natural curiosity in the world, we commenced retracing our steps to its mouth, when we found it to be quite dark and eight o'clock at night.

From a Series of Personal Recollections of Literary Men in the Boston Atlas.

THOMAS MILLER, THE BASKET-MAKING POET.

Thomas Miller I looked at with no ordinary interest; he had just then made a sensation in London, and was among the lions of the day. His story is somewhat singular. I shall avail myself of the privilege afforded by this discursive sort of scribbling, and relate the chief incidents connected with it, as I afterward heard them from his own lips.

I had read, with considerable interest, a work entitled, "A Day in the Woods, by Thomas Miller, Basket-Maker," and felt not a little delighted with his vivid and graphic descriptions of rural and forest scenery. Nothing so natural and fresh had appeared in our literature. Even Bloomfield failed to convey so happy an idea of country life as Miller. One morning I inquired his address, and determined to call on Mr. Miller, trusting to the frankness and amiability which pervaded every page of his book, for my excuse of my introducing myself to him. I had a long walk down St. George's road, Southwark, on a dismal, drizzling November day—and that was no joke, as any one familiar with a foggy day, at that time of the year, in London, can testify. After much inquiry I found out Elliot's Row, to which place I had been directed, and when I had ascertained the group of houses, in one of which the poet resided, I had great difficulty in finding out the exact dwelling. The very people who lived next door to Miller, did not know of such a person—although half of *literary* London was ringing with his praises, and crying him up as a newly-found genius. Such is fame in the mighty metropolis!

At length, on inquiring at an humble but neat-looking domicile, I was told by an interesting looking little girl that her father (the poet) resided there. I entered, asked to see him, and presently he came down stairs.

I introduced myself, told him I had read his works, which had delighted me by their truthfulness, and much desired to see him before I left town. He very kindly shook me by the hand, and after some agreeable chat, we made an appointment to dine with each other, at a chop house in the Strand, the next day. The story of his life, which he told me on the latter occasion, was to the following effect:

He was born on the borders of Sherwood Forest, where Robin Hood and his merry men flourished in times of old. From childhood (he was then about five or six and twenty) he had loved to wander in the green woods and lanes, and unconsciously his poetic sensibilities were thus fostered. His station in life was very humble, and at an early age he learned basket-making, by which occupation he earned a bare subsistence. He married early, and the increasing wants of a family led him to try the experiment of publishing some poems and sketches, but owing to want of patronage, no benefit resulted to him. He at last determined to go to London—that fancied paradise of young authors—that great reservoir of talent—too often, that grave of genius. Thither he went, leaving, for the present, his family behind, and alighting from the stage-coach, found himself in the Strand—a stranger among thousands—with just seven shillings and sixpence in his pocket. He soon made the melancholy discovery that a stranger in London, however great may be his talents, stands but a poor chance of getting on, without the assistance of some helping hand; so, to keep body and soul together, he set to work making baskets. In this occupation he continued some time, occasionally sending some little contribution to the periodicals. At length fortune smiled on her patient wooer. One day, while he was engaged in bending his osiers, he was surprised by a visit from Mr. W. H. Harrison, editor of the "Friendship's Offering," an English annual. That gentleman had seen one or two pieces of Miller's, and been struck with their originality. He found him out, after much labor, and asked him to write a poem for the forthcoming volume of the OFFERING.

Miller told me that he was so poor then, that he had not pen, ink, or paper; so he got some whitey-brown paper, in which sugar had been wrapped, mixed up soot with water for his ink, and then sat down—the back of a bellows serving for a desk, and wrote his well-known lines on an "Old Fountain." These beautiful verses being completed, he sealed his letter with some moistened bread, for a wafer, and forwarded them, with many hopes and fears, to the editor. They were immediately accepted, and Mr. Harrison forwarded the poet two guineas for them. "I never had been so rich in my life before," said the basket-maker to me, "and I fancied some one would hear of my good fortune, and try to rob me of it—so, at night, I barred the door and went to bed, but did not sleep all night, from delight and fear." Miller still, to his honor, continued the certain occupation of basket-making, bu: he was noticed by many—among others, by Lady Blessington, who sent for him, recommended his book, and did him substantial service. "Often," said Miller, "have I been sitting in Lady Blessington's splendid drawing-room in the morning, talking and laughing as familiarly as in the old house at home, and, on the same evening, I might have been seen standing on Westminster Bridge, between an apple vender and a baked-potato merchant, vending my baskets."

Miller now tried his hand at a novel, ROYSTON TOWER, which succeeded well, and then another, FAIR ROSAMOND—he read diligently at the British Museum, and was perseveringly industrious. Jordan took him by the hand, and he contributed a good deal to the Literary Gazette. He is, at the time I write, himself a publisher in Newgate street, London. Miller is rather below the middle height, his face is round and rosy-looking, and he wears a profusion of light hair. He has a strong Nottinghamshire dialect, and possesses little or none of the awkwardness of a countryman. Next to William and Mary Howitt, he is the best writer on rural matters in England; and I am quite sure, that were his later works reprinted in America, they would have an extensive sale.

From the Massachusetts Spy.

AN INTERESTING QUESTION OF LEGITIMACY.

ACCUSATION AGAINST A SOUTHERN LADY.

We have seen a very interesting case copied from the Western Journal of Medicine, the particulars of which are not less useful in a medical point of view, than of interest to the general reader. The facts involve a question of paternity in one of our Southern Courts, and may be condensed as follows:

A white woman, the wife of a planter of wealth and respectable connexions, gave birth to a male child of so dark a complexion that unpleasant suspicions were awakened among her acquaintances. Her husband died subsequent to the birth of the child, and after remaining a widow four or five years, she again married. A doctor, it seems, in an evil hour, charged her with incontinence, alledging that "she had given birth to a mulatto child." Upon this an act of slander has been brought, and is still pending, the jury having failed on the first trial to agree on a verdict. Nine doctors appeared as witnesses, who expressed opinions widely variant touching the merits of the case.

It was proved that the first husband, the alledged father of the boy, was a man of fair complexion, being of German extraction, but that his mother and two of his uncles were dark, like the child, and that his family in Germany were descended from the Gipsies. It was further stated in the trial, that during the pregnancy of the mother with this child, she was repeatedly frightened by reports of "negro insurrections."

The appearance of the boy is described as remarkable. His surface presents different shades of color, the chest and axilla being nearly white, while the abdomen is dark, the change occurring abruptly, and being marked by a well-defined line.

The boy has been growing gradually whiter since birth; "his hair is nearly straight—a little curled, but not kinked; his feet and ankles present nothing of the negro peculiarity; his whole appearance might suggest the thought that he was the "the product of a white woman and a mulatto man." Such is the description of the boy's physiognomy.

It was proved by the defendant that the character of the plaintiff had not been above suspicion.

Some of the questions upon which the medical witnesses differ are thus put:

"Is not a mulatto from a white woman darker than one from a black woman?

"Are there there any anatomical or physiological signs by which negro blood might with certainty be detected?

"Is it not usual for mulattoes to grow darker instead of whiter?

"Do you think it possible that a *nævus matemi* could cover nearly the whole body?

"Do you think it possible for color to show itself in the third and fourth generation?

"Do you know of any mode of bleaching by which the skin might be rendered white?" (See Hood's History on bleaching young Niggerlings.)

It seems that the boy has been growing whiter since his infancy; that he is wanting in the characteristics of the negro race about the heel and ankle; that he is descended of the Gypsies, in whom the dark complexion is a hereditary quality; and that some of his ancestors were as black as himself. Still it must be admitted that these proofs are not conclusive of the purity of the blood, and the question is one which it may be impossible to place beyond the reach of controversy. Nature in her operations in this obscure walk seems not to be governed by very settled laws. Thus we are told of an English woman married to a black man, of whom the offspring was quite black; and of a similar case in which the child resembled the mother in fairness of features, the whole skin being white, "except some spots on the thigh, which were as black as the father. White, in his work on the gradation of Man, mentions a more remarkable case—that of a negress who had twins by an Englishman, one being perfectly black, with short, woolly curled hair, the other, white, with hair resembling that of the European. Beck, in his Medical Jurisprudence, has more cases going to show the difficulty of establishing any universal rule on the subject.

Parental likenesses, in the estimation of Lord Mansfield, is one of the strongest arguments of legitimacy. In a case which came before him involving this question, he said "I have always considered likenesses as an argument of a child being the son of a parent, and the rather as the distinction between individuals in the human species is more discernable than between other animals. A man may survey ten thousand people before he sees two faces exactly alike, and in an army of ten thousand men, every man may be known from another. If there should be a likeness of feature, there may be a difference of voice, gesture, or other character; whereas, a family likeness runs generally though all of these; for in everything there is a resemblance, as of feature, voice, attitude, and action." This test, we should suppose, might avail in the case under consideration.

But Lawrence in his lectures cites many facts going to show that the above law of transmitted likeness is not without exceptions. He remarks: "Children do not always resemble their parents; and hence we have occasionally persons produced in each race with characters approaching those of the other races. Among the white races of Europe, scattered instances of individuals with skins nearly as dark as those of the Mongols or South Sea Islanders, are not unfrequent."

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

(Second Edition.)

JUST Published, and for sale at this office, a new work on Capital Punishment. By Charles Spear. It contains a variety of thrilling and instructive anecdotes; also, all the capital offenses in every State in the Union; and a speech from O'Connell on the subject. Also, several instances of the execution of the *innocent*. Facts are drawn from history and observation, and the entire scripture ground has been examined. The work is embellished with a fine engraving. Price, 62 1-2 cents.

Education and Industry!

THE Northampton Association of Education and Industry have appropriated a suitable tenement for the accommodation of 15 or 20 boarding pupils. They will be members of a family, under the care of the Director of Education, assisted by his wife, and other teachers, and will be subject to the same treatment and regulations as pupils who are members of the association. The name of the association indicates the idea of culture, towards the realization of which our efforts will be directed. Systematic, habitual industry is deemed indispensable to education, which should aim at the harmonious development of the physical, intellectual, moral, and religious tendencies in active, practical life.

We shall consider $100 a year as an equivalent for instruction and board; from which a suitable deduction will be made when a pupil comes for several years. The year will commence on the 1st of May, next, and will have no fixed and entire vacation. Pupils will be received for a year at any time.

O. MACK, *Director of Education.*

BROUGHTON MEADOWS,
Northampton, April 14, 1844.

FREE CALICOES!

JUST received, 1 case fine calicoes. Also, 2 cases fine shirting muslins; together with a large assortmen of other free dry goods, at reduced prices, wholesale and retail. CHARLES WISE,

Northwest corner Arch and Fifth streets.
Philadelphia, 8th, mo. 17th 1843. tf.

Graham House, New Arrangement.

ROSWELL GOSS informs his friends and the public, that he has enlarged his Boarding Establishment, known as the

GRAHAM HOUSE, 62 BARCLAY STREET,

by adding to it the adjoining house, and is prepared to accommodate transient or permanent Boarders on the most favorable terms. All friends of Temperance desiring a quiet home, and freedom from the fumes of Alcohol and Tobacco, are invited to patronize this house. The vegetable system will be strictly adhered to, but a table will be served for those who prefer a mixed diet. Croton shower and warm baths free.

October 17. ROSWELL GOSS.

Associated Agency.

Central Office, 20 *Wall Street, (basement,) New-York.*

THE attention of persons who are desirous of improving their condition in life, is respectfully invited to the following great bargains now offered in this office.

864 acres of land with improvements, in Lyonsdale, Lewis Co. N. Y. 40 miles north of Utica, with half of the immense water-power of High Falls, on Black River a large and never-failing stream, with sixty feet fall, with a saw-mill in operation. The whole, or a part will be sold Price for the whole only $12,000.

A farm of 750 acres of the best quality of land in Frederick Co. Virginia, 40 miles from Washington City, in a high state of cultivation, with superior buildings, including stock and farming utensils, for $25,000.

3,000 acres of valuable land in Luzerne Co. Pennsylvania, with improvements, water-power, &c. for $37,500

A large portion of the Town of Mount Carmel, Wabash Co. Illinois, with extensive tracts of land in the vicinity, including two villages, with Houses, Lots, Ferries Coal-Banks, and an abundance of water-power. Water communication by way of the lakes to New-York, and by the Mississippi to New Orleans.

A part of the town of Toolesborough, Louisa Co. Iowa, on the River Mississippi, with several thousand acres of land adjoining.

8,660 acres of first-rate rolling land in Lincoln Co. Missouri, on the Mississippi, 1,000 acres Prarie, the balance timbered land. Price $5,000.

20,000 acres of excellent farming land, very favorably situated in Hampshire Co. Virginia, at $2 an acre.

40,000 acres of choice selected land in Michigan, at $1 an acre.

2,500 acres of land in West Tennessee, Perry Co. will be sold, a great bargain.

60,000 acres, in Fentriss Co. Tennessee, in tracts varying from 1,000 to 5,000 acres each, of good farming land with Iron, Coal, Saltpetre, Epsom Salts, Copperas, and water-power.

214,000 acres in Washington, Green, Cock, Sevier and Blount counties, Tennesee, at 25 cents an acre. On these lands are Iron, Bituminous Coal, Fine Clay for Pottery, Feldspar, Quartz, Lime, Alum, and an inexhaustible supply of water-power.

Several of the above tracts of land are peculiarly adapted to the settlement of industrial Associations.

Also, for sale in this office, a great variety of Farms, Mills, Houses, Town-Lots, &c. in the different Counties of the States of New-York and New Jersey, and in all the Western States and Territories, at the lowest market prices, and with warranted title.

Having 26 Branch offices in the West, 9 in New England, and 4 in Europe, our Associated Agency offers the greatest facilities to persons wishing to buy, sell, or exchange Real Estate. All such are invited to command our services.

A principal object of the Association is, to put in practical operation a plan, by which persons wishing to purchase Real Estate of any description, may, with the least possible delay, trouble, or expense, be informed where they can find property for sale, adapted to their circumstances and wants; and by which the seller and, the buyer may be brought together, to make such transactions as may be mutually beneficial.

We have already a rich Register of property for salet to which we invite the attention of those who wish to purchase Real Estate of any description, or in any par of the country.

We also conduct an Agency for non-resident proprietors of Western Lands.

Agency for *procuring* and for *selling* Patents in the United States and in Europe.

Agency for receiving orders for Arnold's *Superior* Scythe Sharpening Rifles, Price in New-York, $6 a groce.

Agency for effecting insurance against fire in all parts of the Union.

Agency for sale of the Recipe for the genuine Berlin Hams, superior to Westphalias.

Agency for procuring Loans on Bond and Mortgage.

BUFFUM & Co.
Basement Office, 20 Wall Street
November 28, 1844.—tf.

PHILADELPHIA ANTI-SLAVERY OFFICE.

No. 31, North Fifth street.

The National Anti-Slavery Standard, will be issued regularly from this office, on Thursday of every week.

TERMS—the same as in New-York; i. e. $2,00 a year if paid in advance; $2,50 if not paid within six months.

$10,00, in advance, will pay for six copies for one year, sent to one address; and $30,00 will pay for twenty copies.

A full assortment of anti-slavery publications is kept constantly on hand. Also, a handsome variety of miscellaneous books, and useful and fancy stationery.

All letters relating to the business of the office should be directed to *J. Miller McKim*, No. 31 North Fifth st.

LOCAL AGENTS FOR THE STANDARD.

CYRUS M. BURLEIGH, Plainfield, Ct.
CHARLES ATKINSON, Marion, Grant co. Ia.
EDWARD M. DAVIS, Philadelphia, Penn.
J. MILLER M'KIM, " "
AMARANCY PAINE, Providence, R. I.
LORRIN WHITING, New Marlborough, Mass.
W. C. BLOSS, Rochester, N. Y.
JAMES COOPER, Williamson, Wayne Co. N. Y.
PLINY SEXTON, Palmyra, " "
J. C. HATHAWAY, Farmington, Ontario Co. N. Y.
WM. T. CRITTENDEN, Rushville, " "
THOMAS MCCLINTOCK, Waterloo, N. Y.
MORRIS EARLE, Penn Yan, Yates Co. N. Y.
R. D. H. YEEKLEY, Rushville, N. Y.
ROBERT H. FOLGER, Massillon, Ohio.
SETH WHITMORE, Dixon's Ferry, Lee Co. Ill.
SLOCOMB HOWLAND, Sherwood Corners, Cayuga co. N
THOS. HUTCHINSON, King's Ferry, Cayuga Co. N. Y.
CALEB B. ROGERS, Norwich, Conn.
H. W. WILLIAMS, 25 Cornhill, Boston, Mass.
J. C. MERRITT, Bethpage, L. I.
JESSE HOLMES, New Lisbon, Columbiana Co. Ohio.
JOSEPH A. DUGDALE, Cortesville, Clark co. O.
K. G. THOMAS, Marlboro', Stark co. O.
WILLARD RUSSELL, Nashville, N. H.
ISAAC LEWIS, Short Creek, Harrison co. O.
WILLIAM CRAFT, St. Clairsville, Ohio.
Capt. ALEXANDER H. ROBINSON, Nantucket, Mass
E. R. GILLET, Oberlin, Lorain Co. Ohio.
DAVID WOOD, Gilead, Mt. Marion county, Ohio.
EDWIN DOOLITTLE, Exeter, N. H.
JAMES A. BUER, Ludlowville, N. Y.